

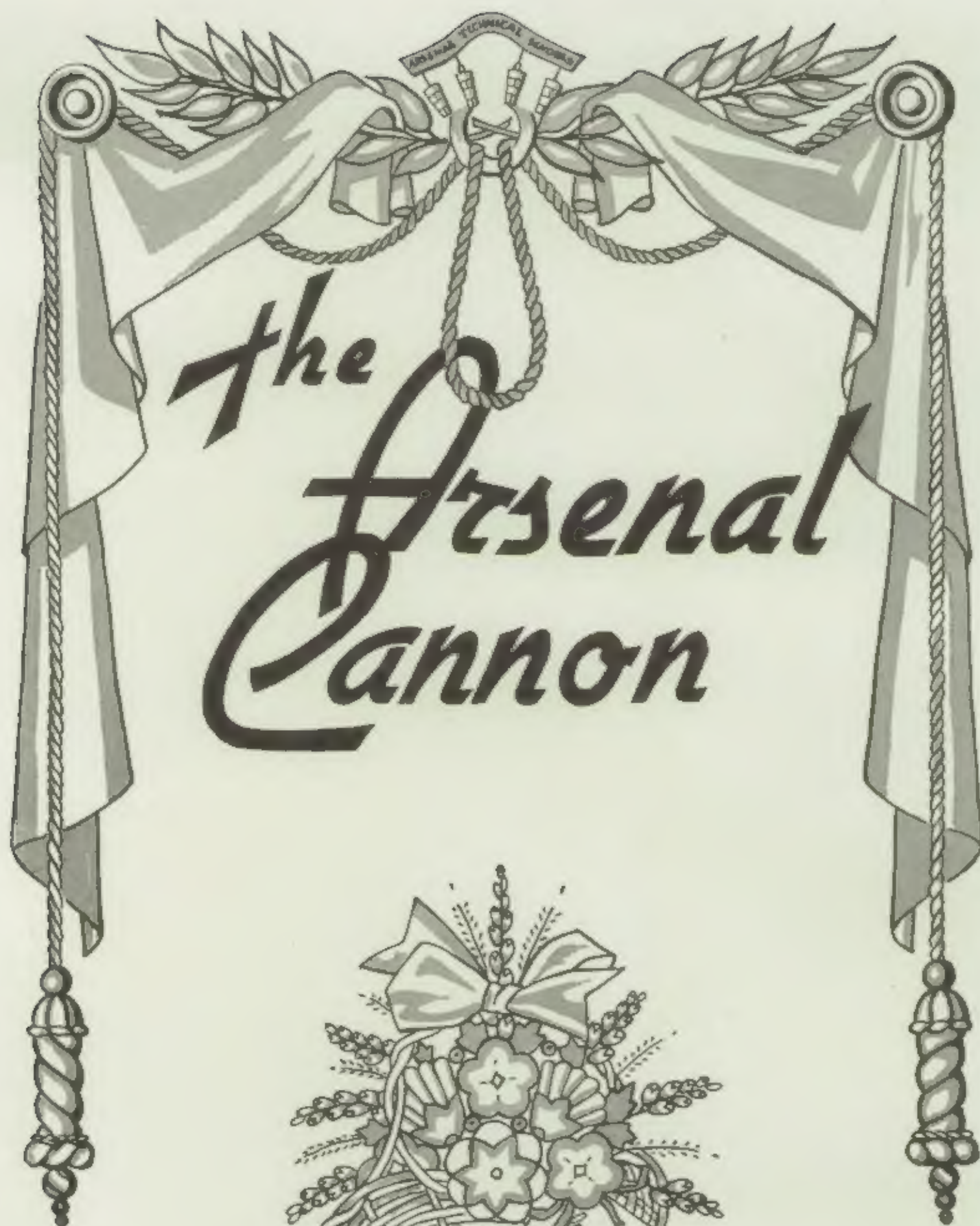
~~The~~ Arsenal Cannon



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NAME Jean Lindstedt

DATE May 25, 1927



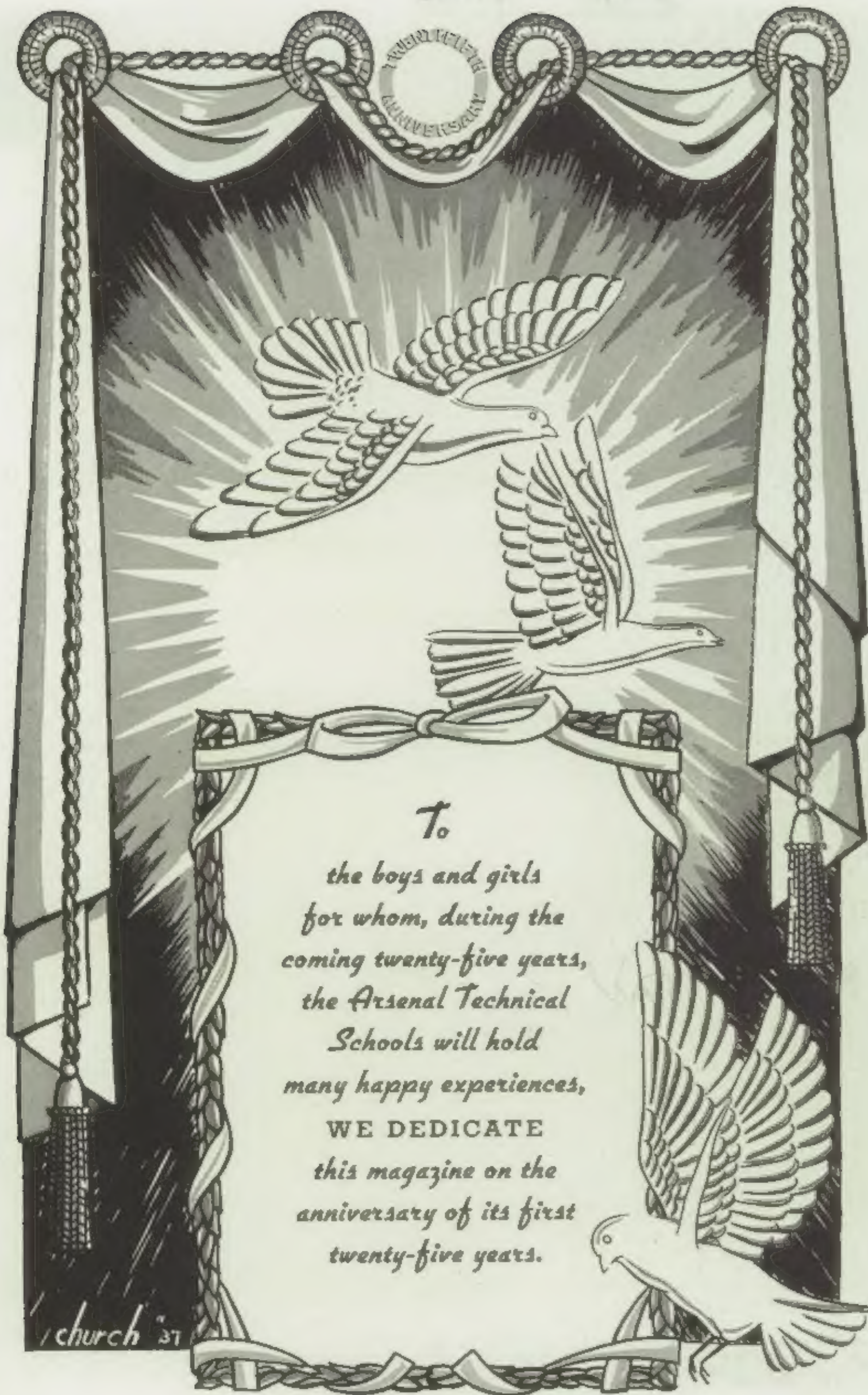
VOLUME 49

ISSUE 16

JUNE NINETEEN THIRTY SEVEN



Gazing Tower-ward



To
the boys and girls
for whom, during the
coming twenty-five years,
the Arsenal Technical
Schools will hold
many happy experiences,
WE DEDICATE
this magazine on the
anniversary of its first
twenty-five years.

Foreword

The Arsenal clock has ticked away the first twenty-five years of this great educational center, and we, on its silver anniversary, are looking into the future to see what time may hold for this high school. Using the past quarter century as a guide, we see the spirit of advancement, which is symbolical of Tech, penetrating the future—exploring, improving, and creating as it moves forward. Holding the answers to youth's eternal questing, the Arsenal Technical Schools serve as a stepping stone to the fulfillment of ideals.



A Glimpse of the Arsenal

*The First
Snow*



*The Artillery
Building*

*Winter
Shadows*



The Arsenal Cannon

Tech Marches On

I have heard of a sturdy oarsman of a college crew who, when asked why he chose rowing instead of football, said, "I prefer a sport in which one looks backward and goes forward to a sport in which one always looks forward, but so much of the time goes backward." With the close of this school year, with twenty-five years of work done, Tech comes to this anniversary period in the spirit of that oarsman. Our faces are for the time to the years that have gone, but all the while we move forward toward an opportunity for greater service to the youth of this community.

As we look backward we see a panorama of years replete with problems.

In the fall of 1912 a great teacher and leader, with a broad vision, came to this place. About him were gathered 183 boys and girls who themselves knew little of the part which they

were playing in the founding of an institution. Then followed four years of uncertainty when no one could know from day to day but that these grounds might be lost forever to the cause of education.

Finally, on May 22, 1916, a memorable decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana banished all uncertainty as to the permanence of this institution and made it possible for long-time plans to be made. But even while these plans were forming, the World War came and everything was laid aside in the interest of the all-important job of winning the war. Once again these buildings and grounds were teeming with soldiers. School was deferred and the erection of the new buildings delayed. When the Armistice came, under the matchless genius of Mr. Milo H. Stuart who through Tech's first trying years never lost heart nor vision, the school began its permanent program of development. The vocational schools were enlarged in scope; the program of studies expanded to meet the needs of a rapidly growing student body; new buildings arose—the Main Building, the Shops, the wings to the Main Building, and the Gymnasium. And later the Arsenal interior was reconstructed. These, with the athletic field and bleachers, were the developments in equipment.

This has been an interesting quarter century for all who have had a part in Tech's growth. Thousands of young men and young women have spent four important years of their lives on this campus and in these buildings. From the inspiration of the teachers with whom they lived while here, they have gone out to take an important place in the world of affairs. Today the sun never sets on Tech graduates. They live and work throughout the world.

All about us today there may be confusion and uncertainty as to what course education shall take. For us, however, one duty is clear—to devote the resources of this institution, this heritage which is left to us from the twenty-five years that have gone, toward making this place a center where youth may build ambitions, where each one may find a vision of how best to make living worth while. In this spirit we shall seek a way of life and work which will exemplify all that should come from culture and ideals of civic responsibility. Toward this goal Tech marches on.



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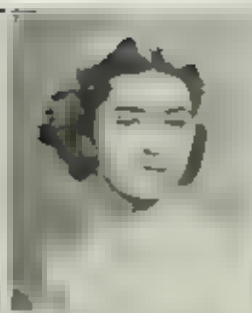
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JANITA ALLEN



WILLIAM ALLISON



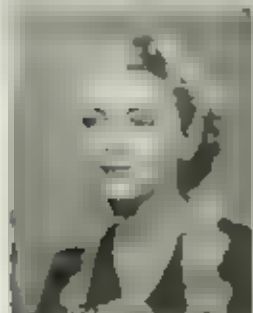
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EDWIN BARNES



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FILEEN BELCHER



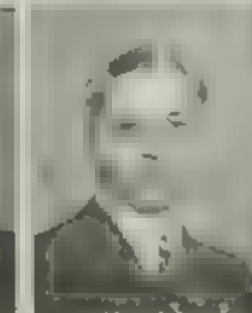
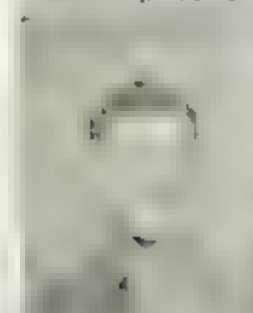
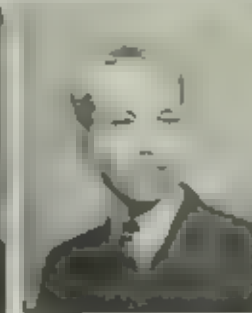
ROBERT M. BENNEY



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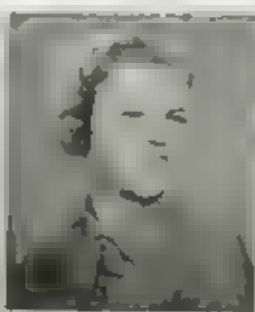
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PAULINE PETER



PAULINE



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MAURICE BICKNEY



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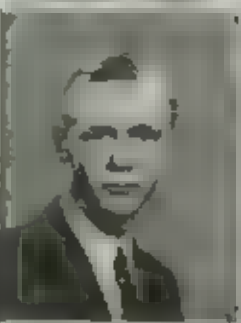
PAULINE



WILMA BLUMENFELDER



GERALD BOEDT



RAYMOND BROWN



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HARRIETT BROOKS



WILLIAM BROOKS



ELIZABETH BROWN



ELIZABETH BROWN



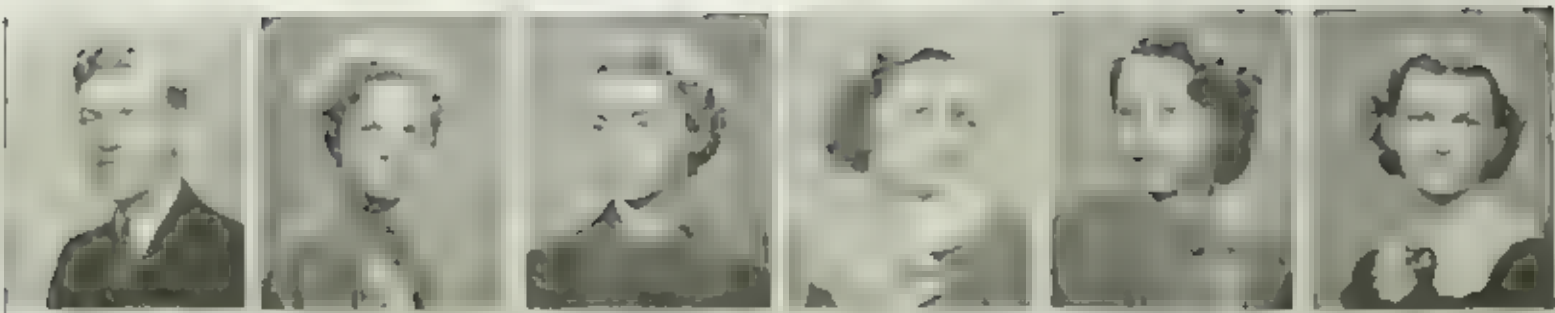
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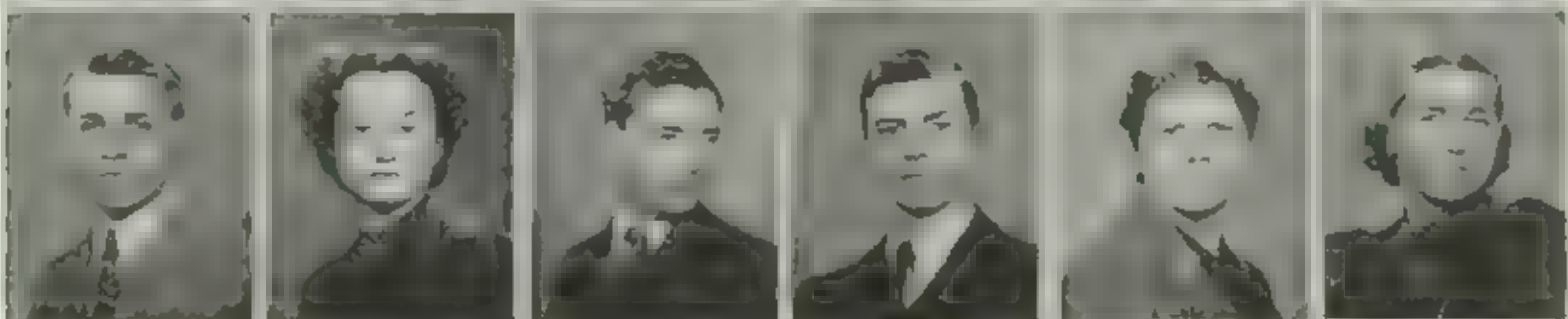
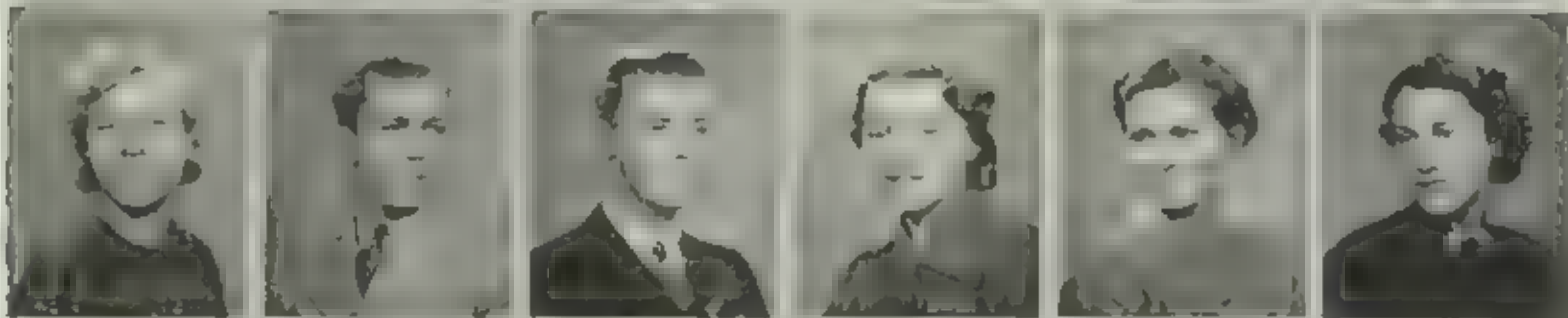
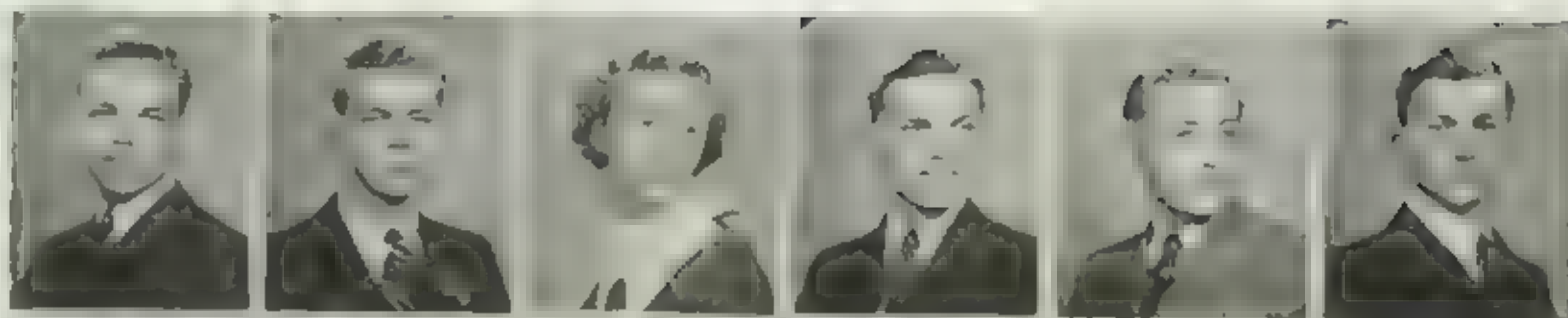
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MARY D.

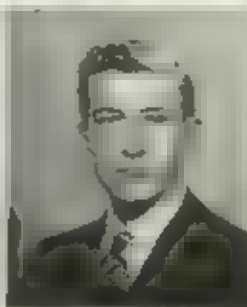
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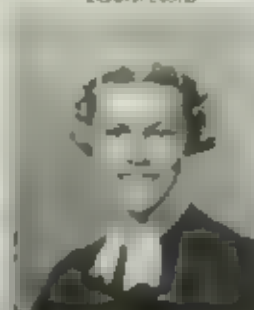
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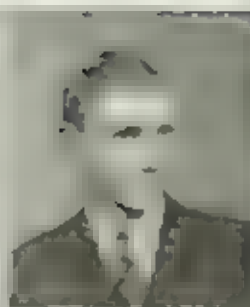
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RALPH FISHER



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EDITH FISHER



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LILLIAN FISHER



LILLIAN FISHER



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LEE S. HALL

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RAYMOND HAMADA



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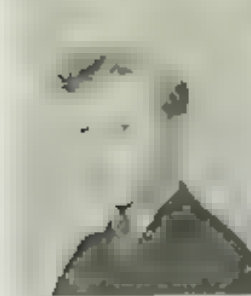
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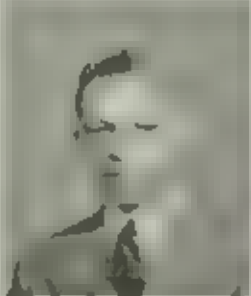
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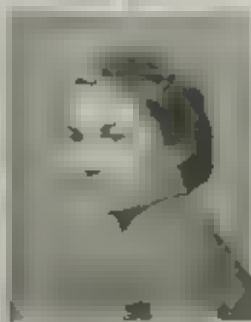
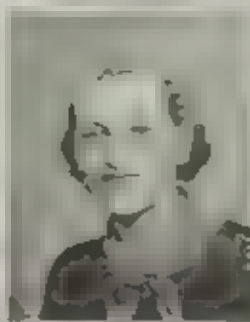
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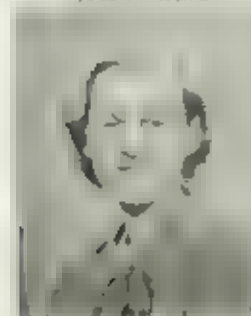
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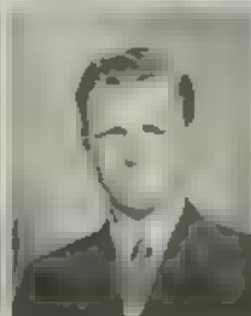
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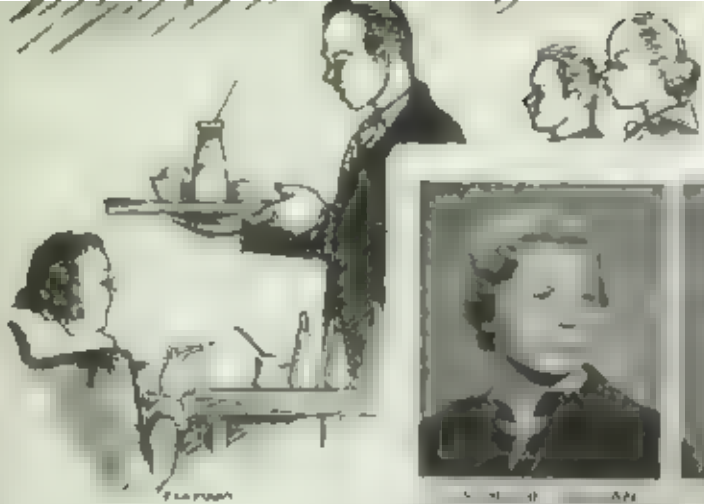


GERTRUDE HEYDEN



LOUISE HIATT





VERNON ANN



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WILLIAM H.



MAX H.



BERNARD HINTS



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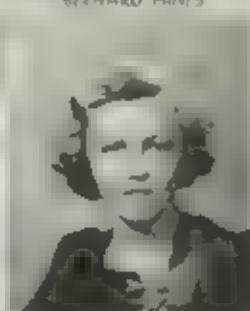
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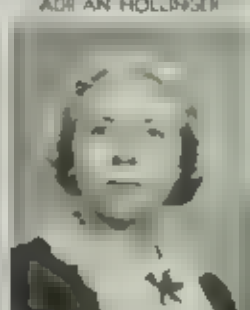
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FRANCES INGRAM



JACK JACKSON



JAMES JACKSON



MARVIN JACKSON



VERNON ANN



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WILLIAM H.



MILDRED JENNINGS



WAYNE JESTER



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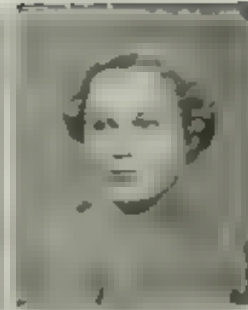
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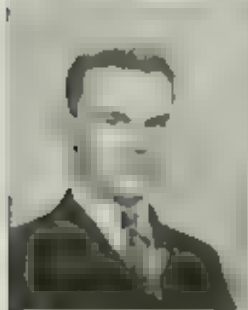
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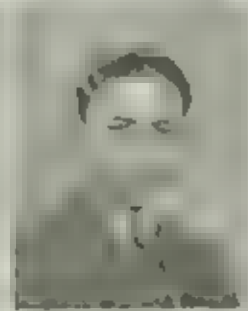
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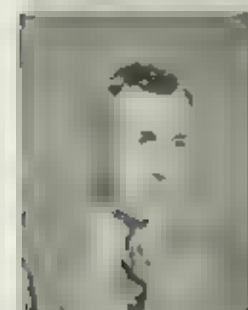
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JENNIE LEE KING



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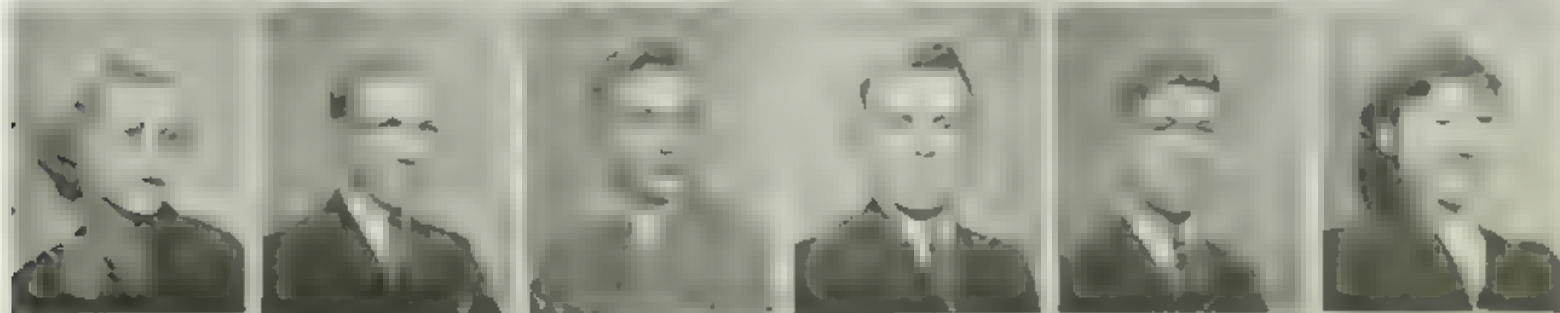




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BETTY LIGHT



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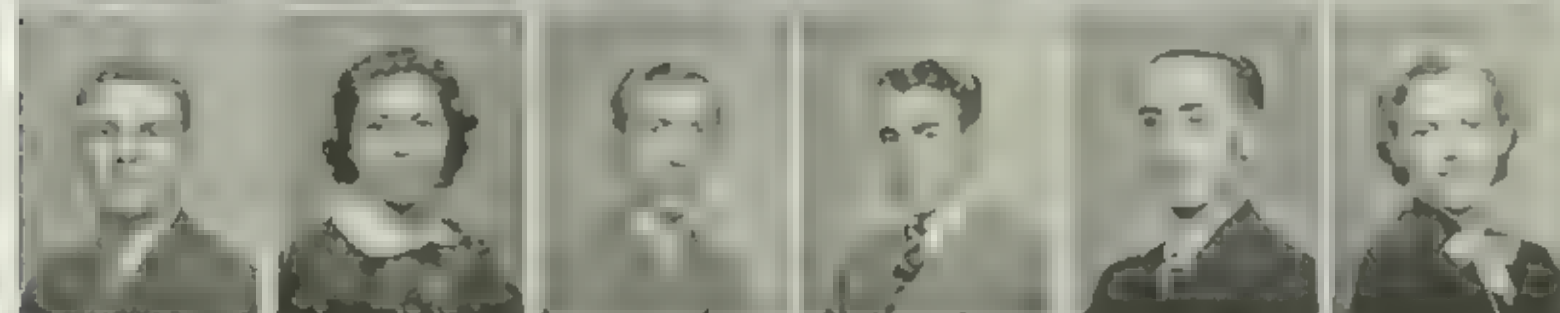
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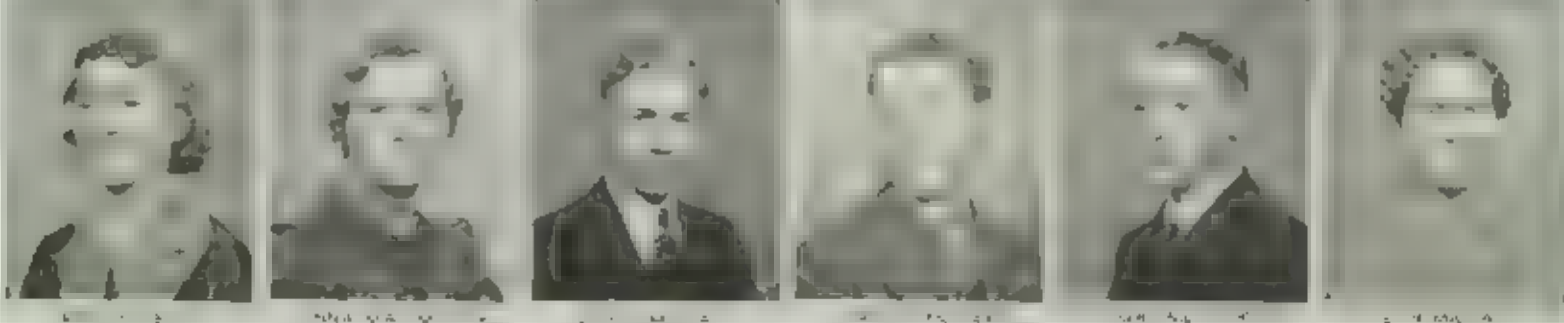
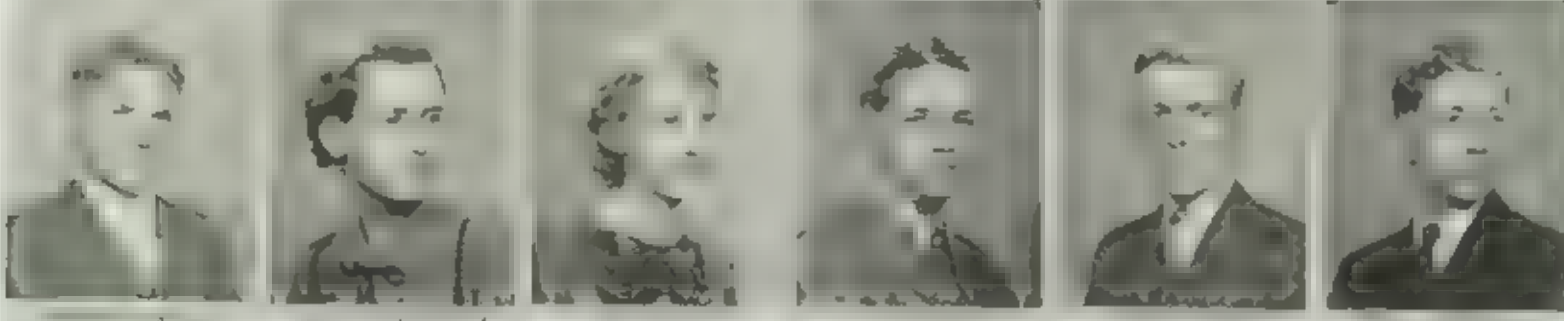
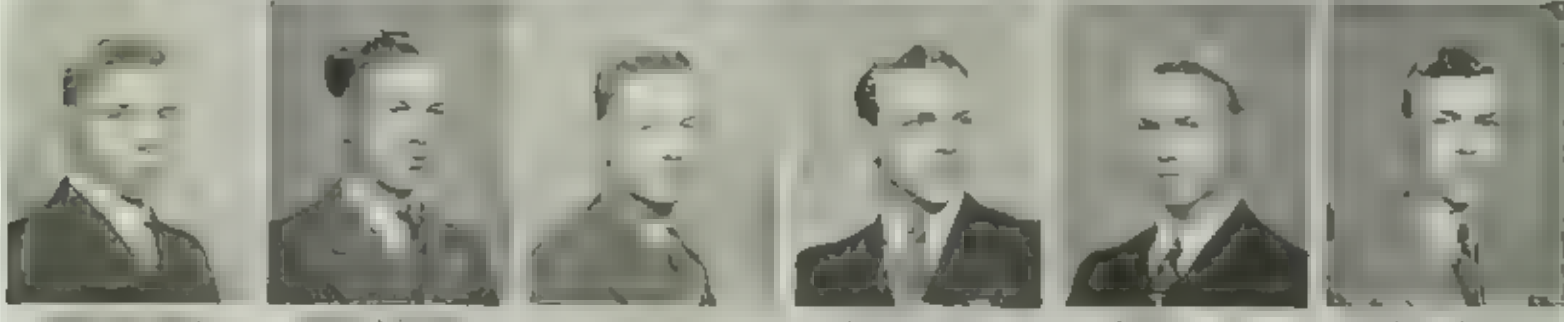
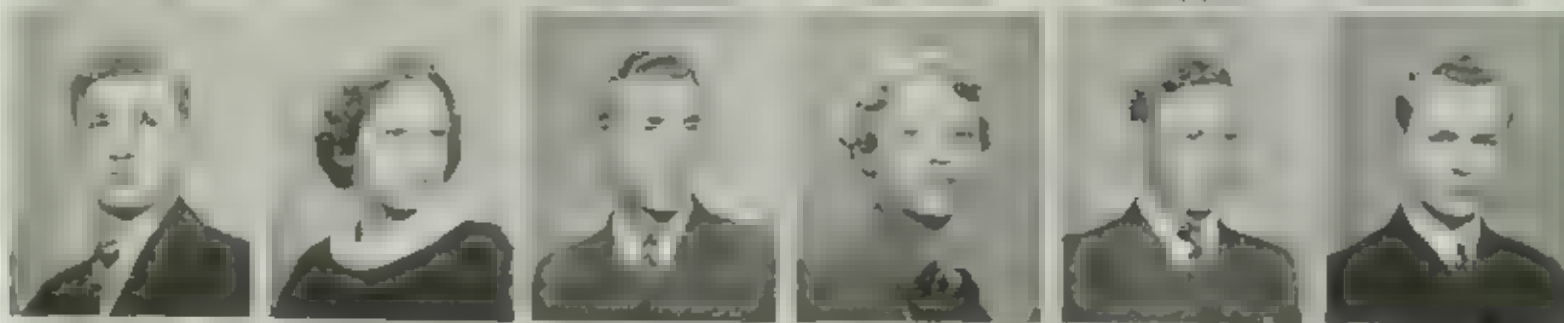
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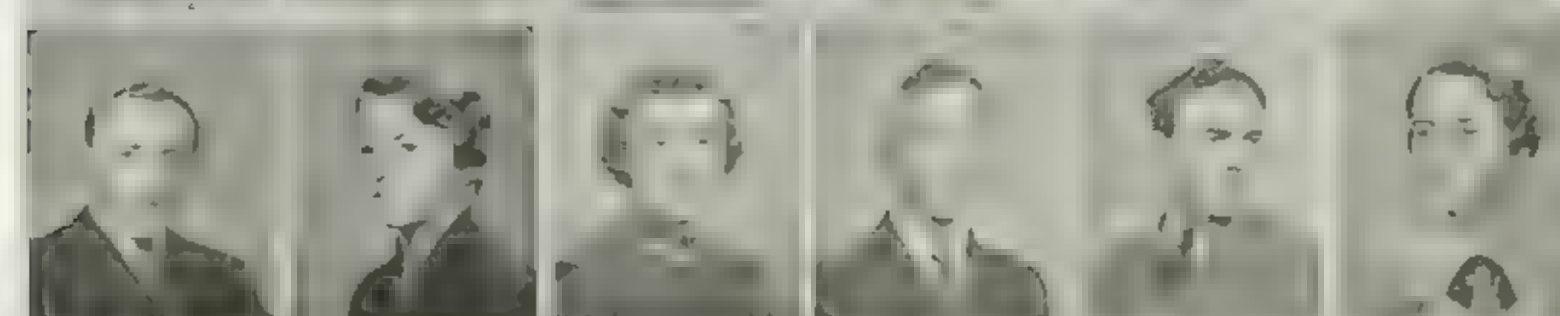
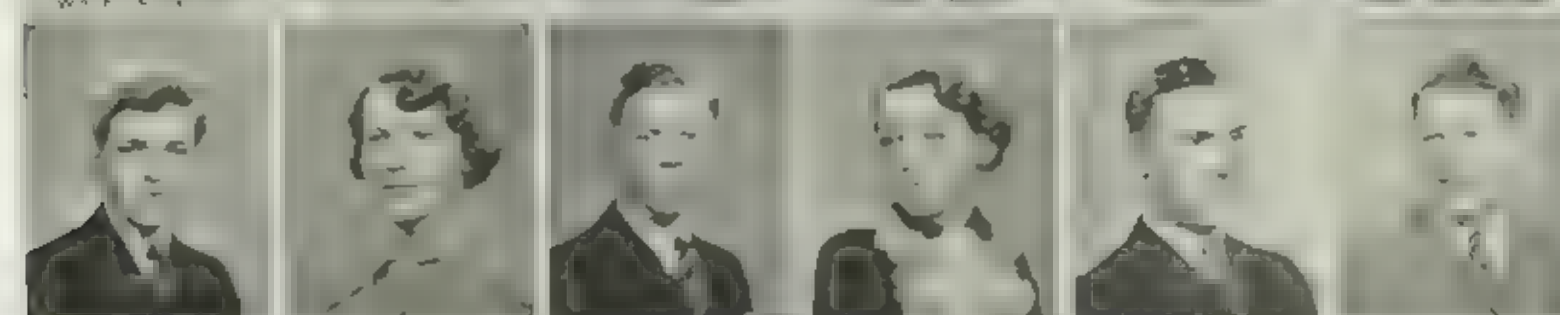
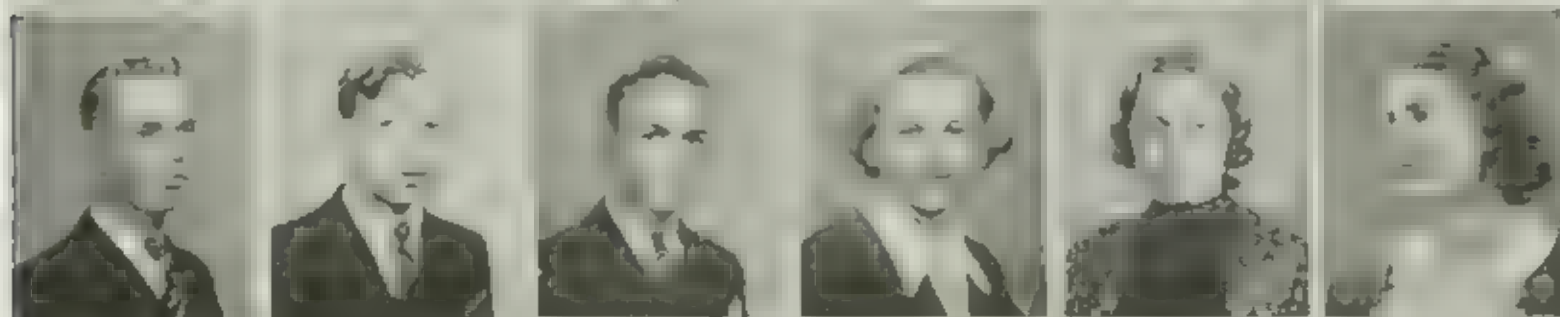




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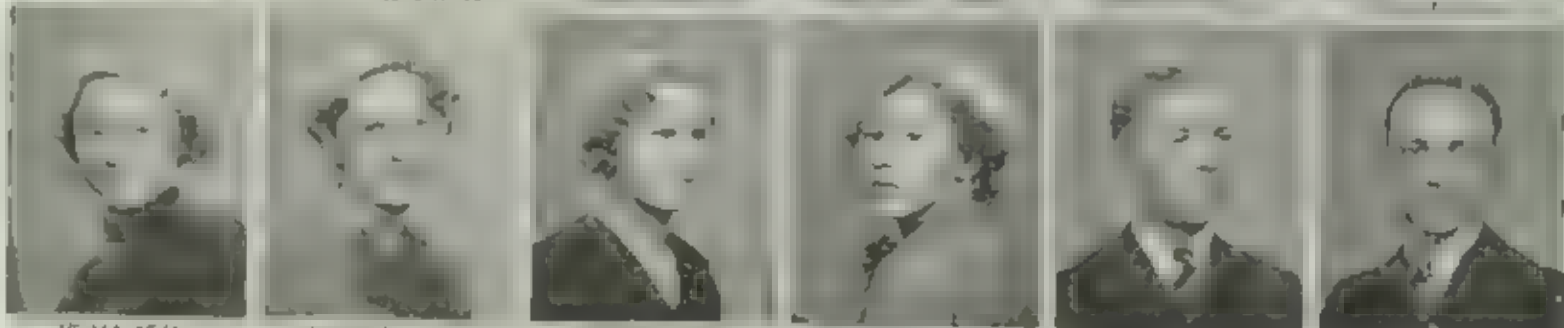
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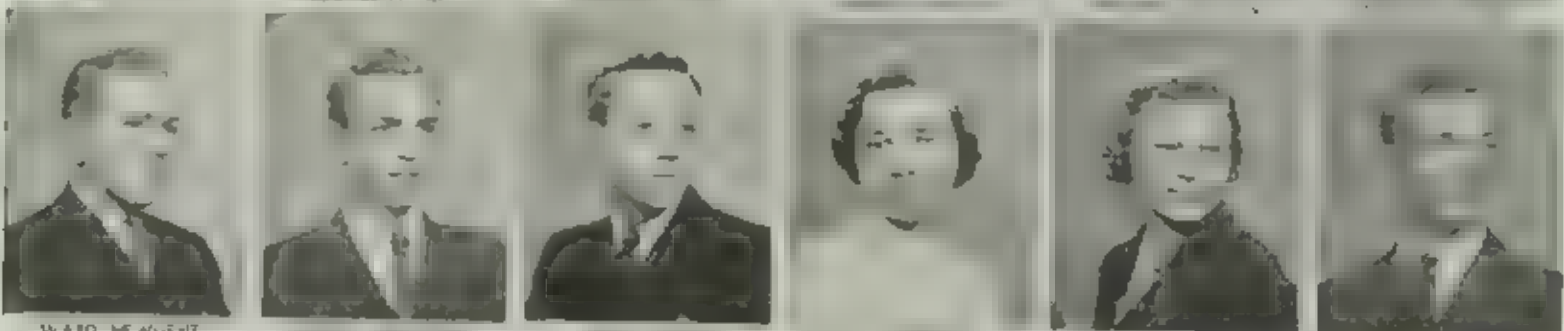


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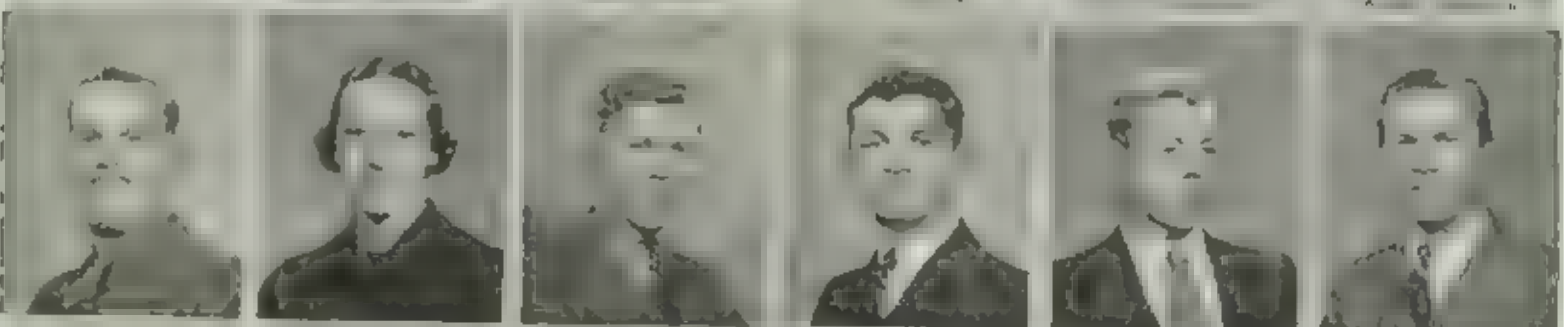


VELMA NEAL

ELIZABETH NEY



WARD NEWBERT



AMIS JOYNER

GERTRUDE LYNN JOY

KENNETH JOYNS

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HELEN PAIDEN

DOROTHY PAINE



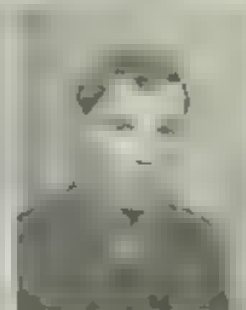
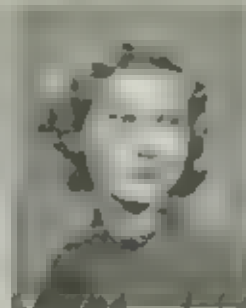
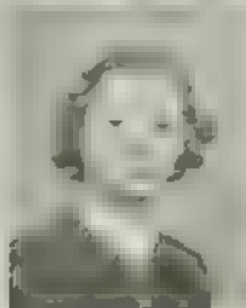
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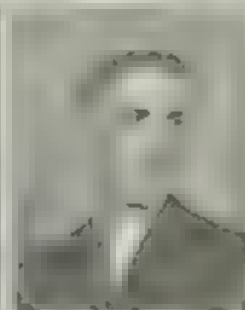
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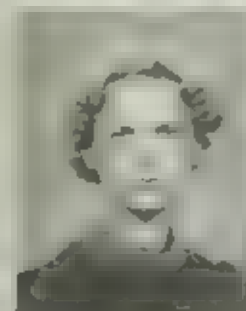
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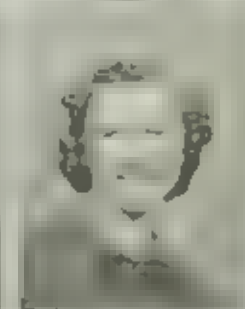
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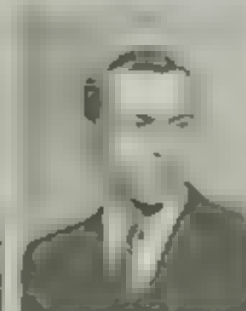
A. F. REE



WILLIAM REE



A. S. REE



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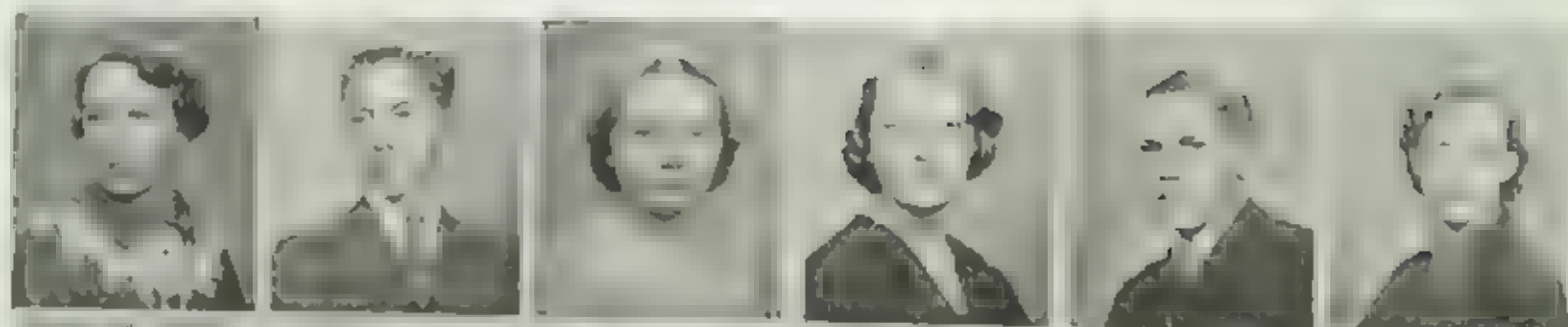
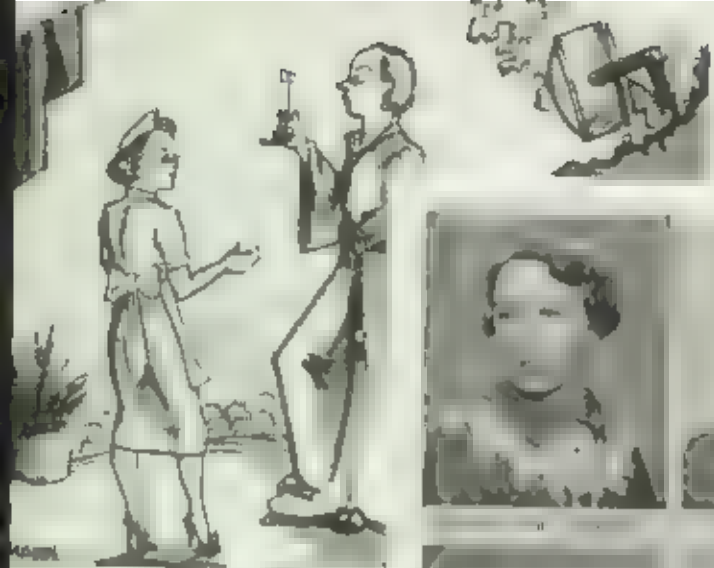


Y. A. REE



W. F. REE

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LAURA RHEUER



JACK RICHARDS

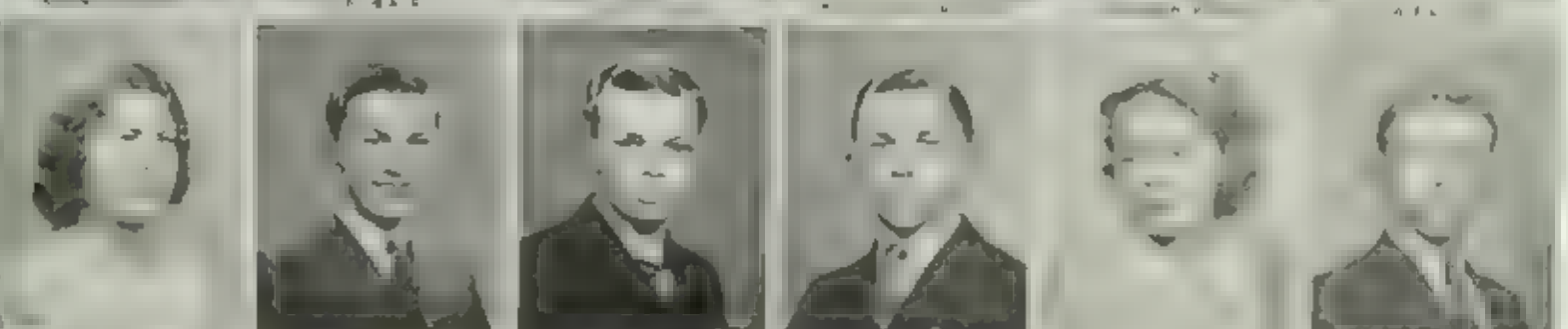
FRANCIS RICHARDSON

LESTER RIDENOUR



REXFORD ROBINSON

VIRGINIA ROLAND



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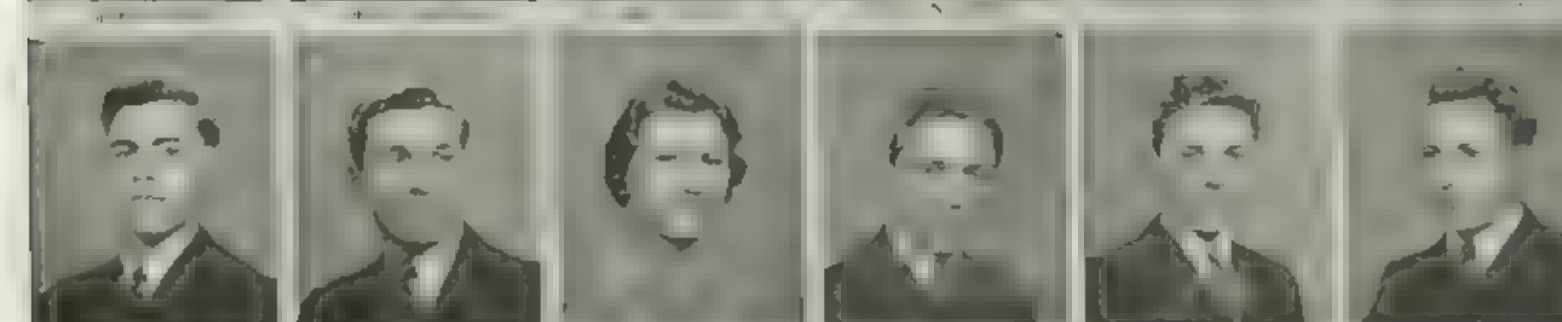
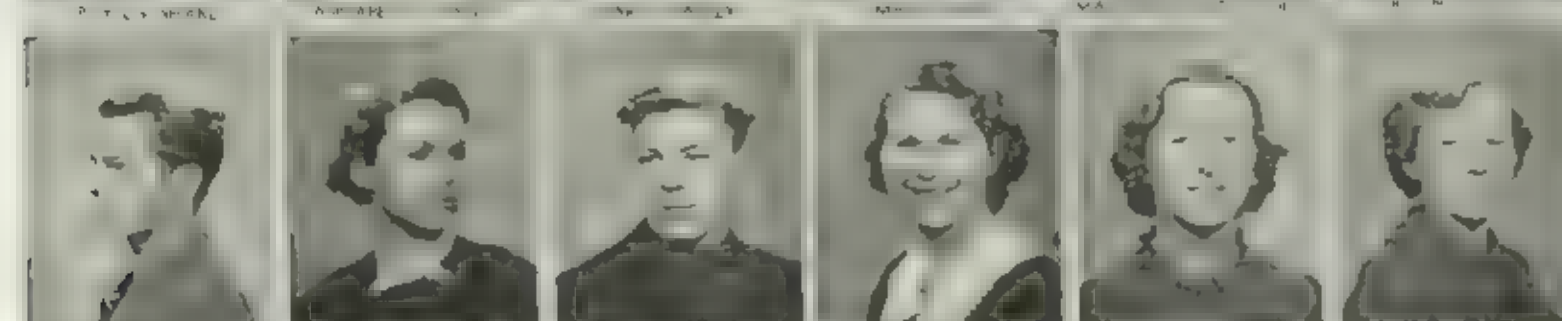
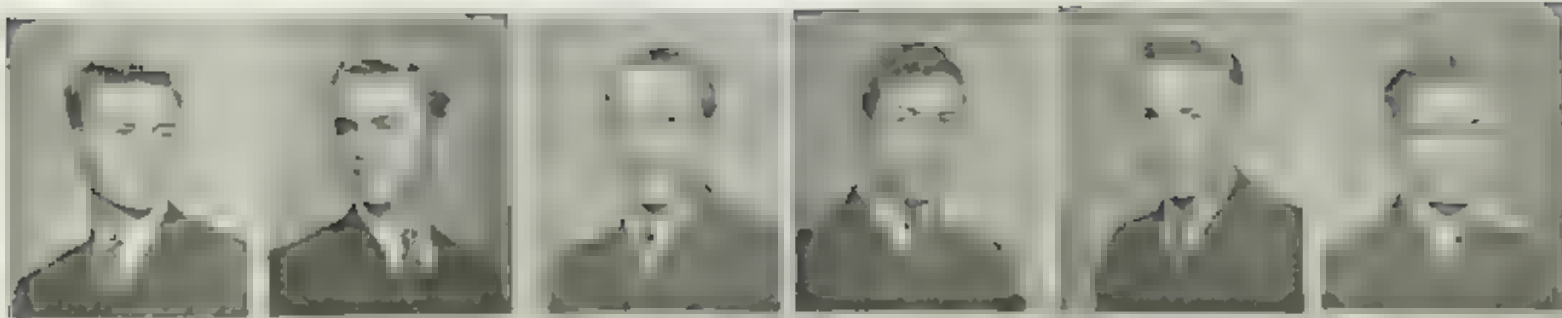
JAMES R. RYAN

C. H. RYAN

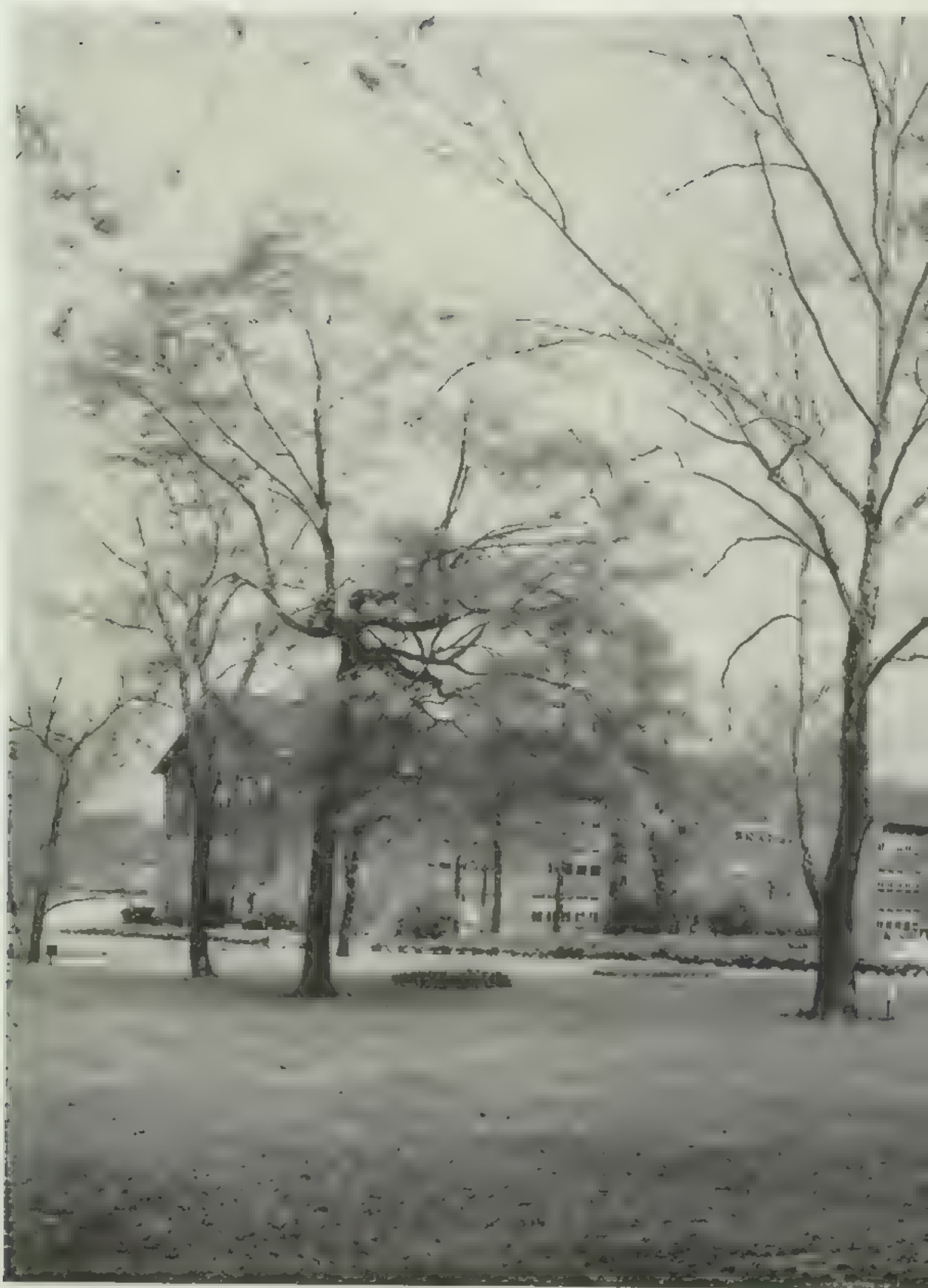
L. A. RYAN

MARSHALL RYAN

A. RYAN



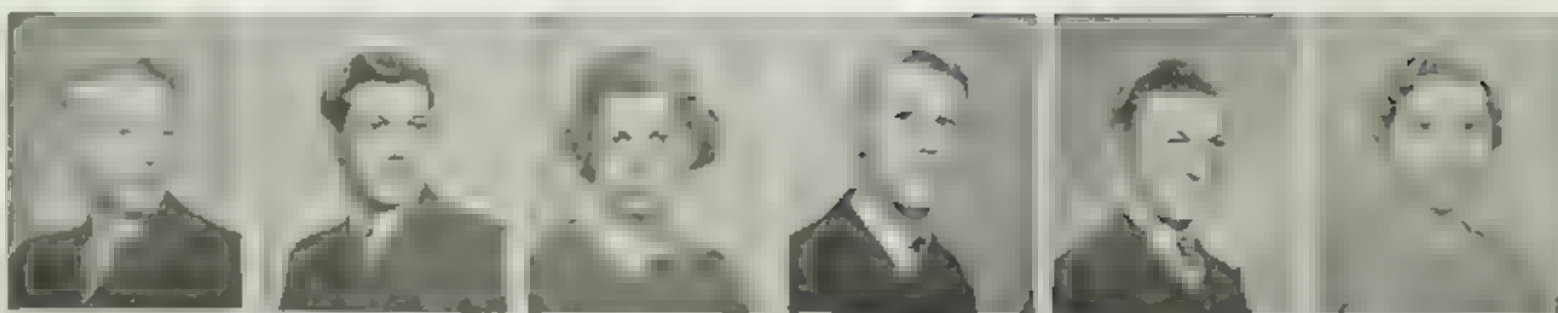
The Arsenal Cannon



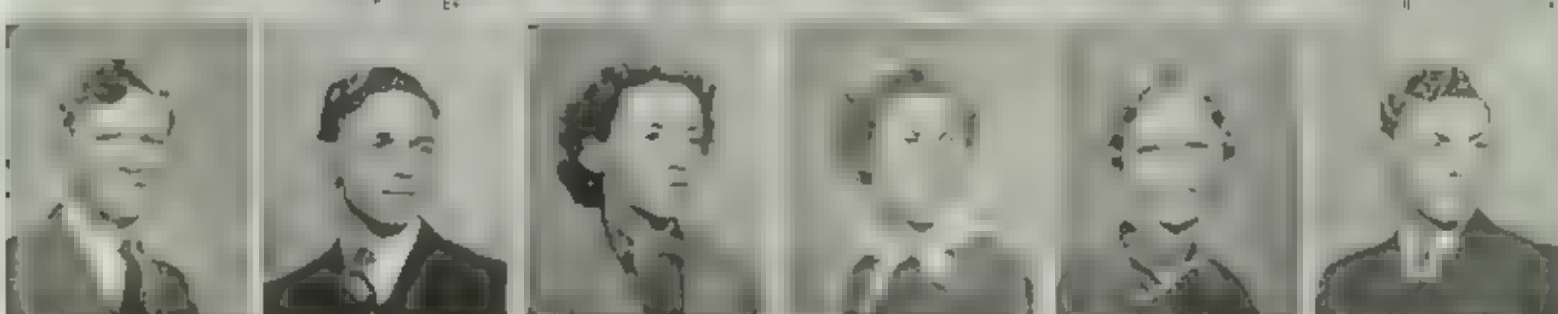
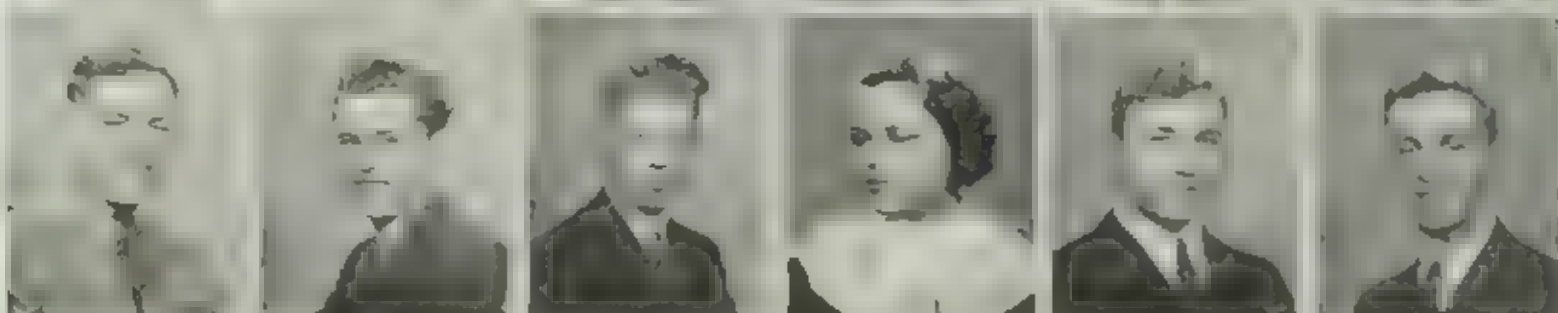
A Corner of The Student Quadrangle



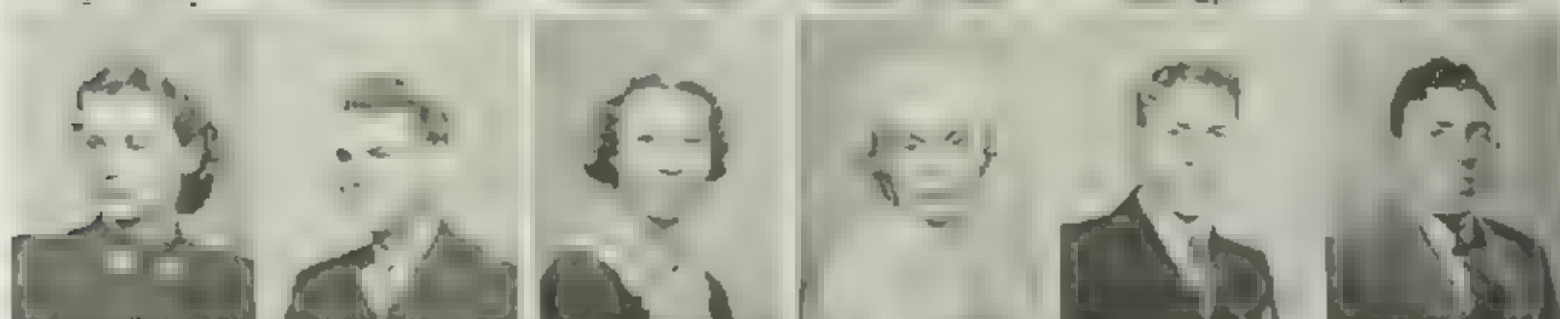
The Arsenal Cannon



JAMES SEFER

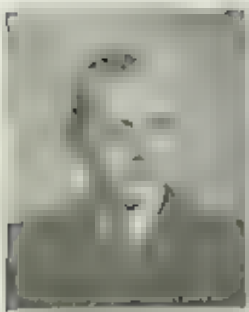


IVAN STOSHICH



The Arsenal Cannon

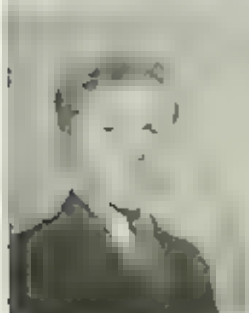




ROBERT WEISS



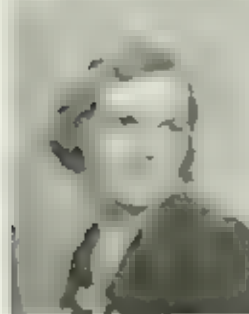
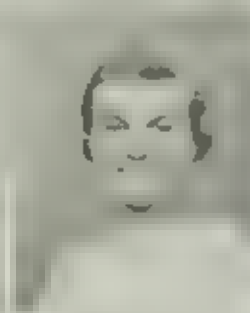
EDWIN EDWARD WEISS



WILLIAM WITZEL



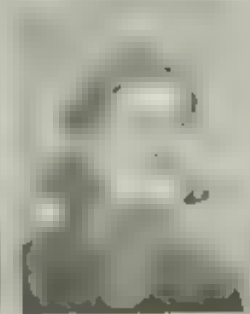
CHARLES WHITE, JR.



VIRGINIA WHITE



MARGARET WHITESIDE



ESTHER MAE WILKINSON



ANNA WHITEHEAD



PHILIP ANDERSON



The Arsenal Cannon



The Tech Legion

The Tech Legion, an honorary organization, has been established in order to recognize pupils who are outstanding in the attributes of citizenship and qualities of personal worth.

The emblem of the Tech Legion is a bar pin in green and white enamel—a white center with a square of green at each end. The commander, the senior with the greatest number of citations, has three gold stars on his pin; the lieutenant commander, who ranks second in number of citations, has two stars, and the six captains, those standing highest in their respective roll rooms, have one star.

Legion Officers

COMMANDER—Donsann Johnson

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER—John Goddard

CAPTAINS

Virginia Sylvia Bolint, Mary Agnes Dunwoody, Mary Catherine Haynes, Virgene Moore, Mary Louise Mitchell, Dorothy Paul, Hazel Wurster

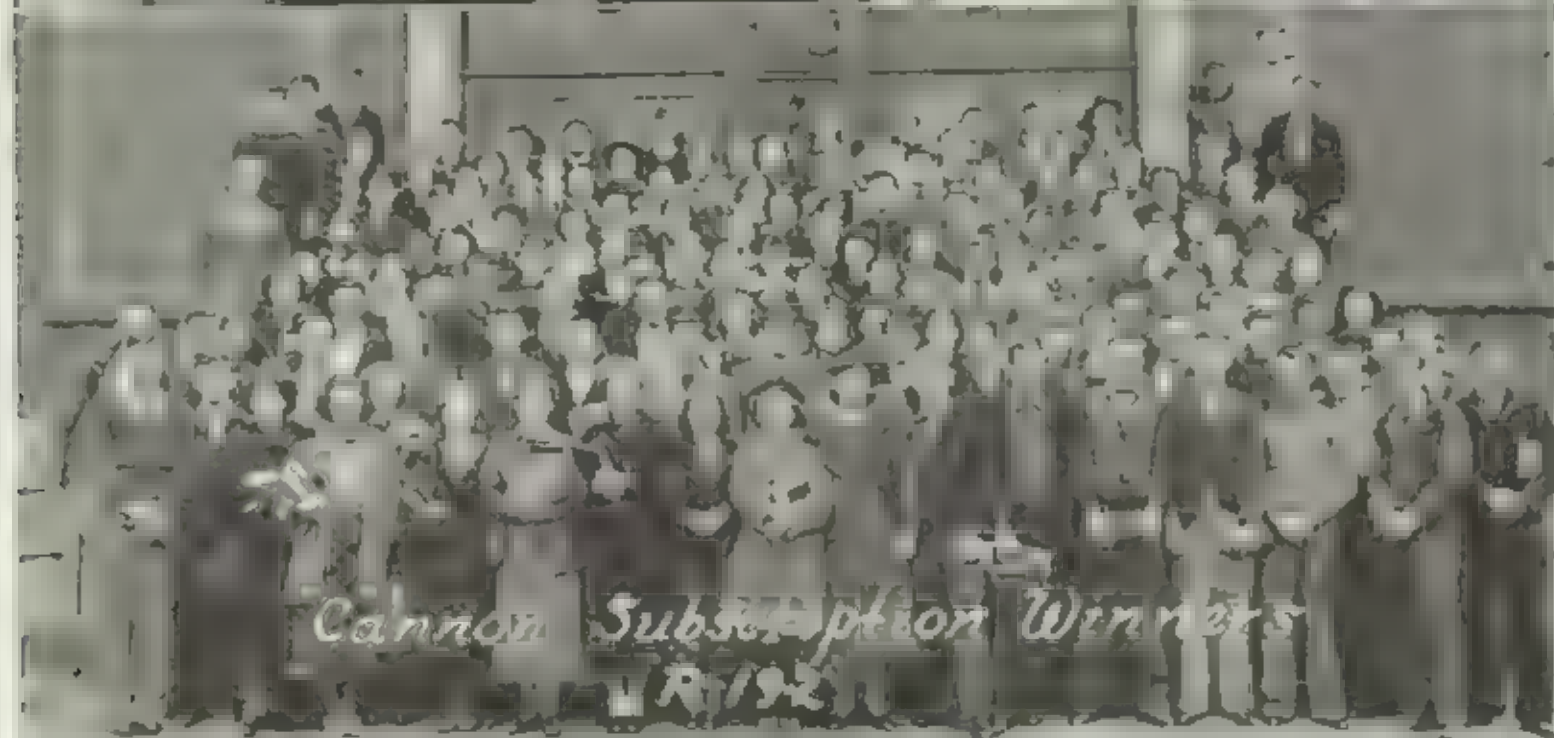
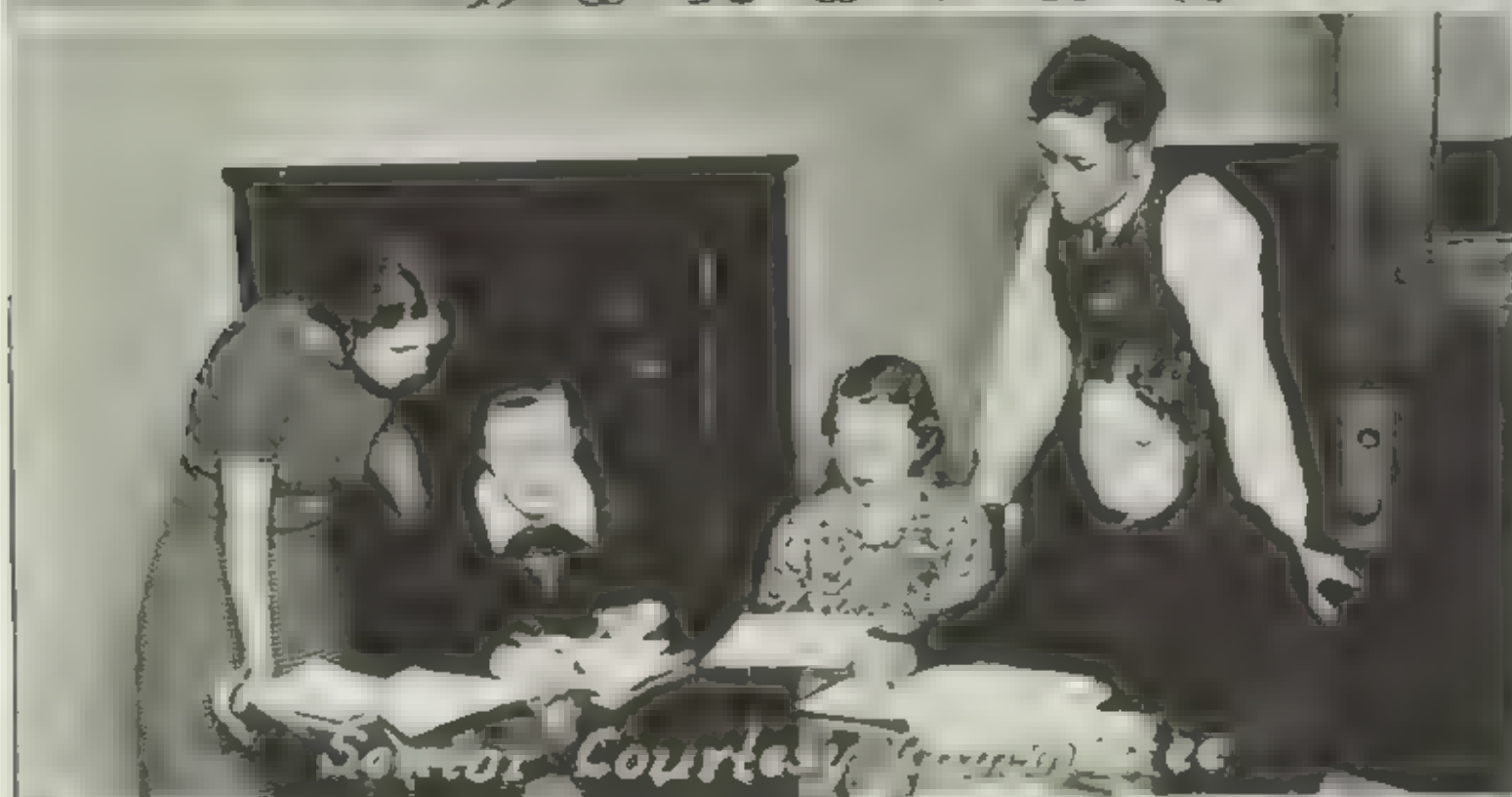
Legion Members

Kenneth Armel
Harry K. Blake
Dale H. Boggy
Carl Bohn
Donald Boles
Alice M. Bottoms
Raymond A. Brinkman
Aloise Calvert
Guy Carpenter
Kenneth Christensen
Eileen Coan
Robert E. Coryell
George P. Costandes
Melvin J. Couter
Emerson Craig
Howard R. Craig
John E. Cretors
Manford A. Crouch
Elizabeth Davidson
Katherine R. Deeb
Carl D. Ellis
James B. Flaherty

Evelyn B. Fosgate
Glenn A. Fritzlen
David L. Fye
Katherine M. Graham
Ernest Max Hass
Alice C. Hankins
Thomas D. Hawks
Robert J. Higgins
Dale R. Holt
Ruth Marie Horstman
Mary Jane Johnston
Farley Karns
Thelma Kastina
William P. Keller
Donald R. Kindred
Albert G. Lane
Earl L. Lawhead
William H. Lay
Rosalyn M. Ludwig
Marian L. McGauhey
Louis McIntosh
Harry Lee Markus

Jack M. Mather
Henrietta J. Mathews
Ernest M. Mattingly
Clifton A. Meloy
Ruth Meredith
Mary F. Milholland
Mary C. Miligan
Elmer J. Molique
George F. Moore
Mary Ann Moore
Betty L. Morris
Suzanne Mouron
Ethel M. Osborne
Francis Persell
Hannah E. Pert
Bernina L. Pressler
Leroy Price
Sara Ann Reynolds
Jean Catherine Roberts
Louis B. Rutan
Madge A. Rutherford
Wayne E. Sagor

John E. Sandstrom
William M. Shaffer
Helen G. Sheehan
Walter E. Short
Juanita M. Smith
Thorn K. Snyder
Hannah J. Steel
Louis P. Sweany
Virgil L. Terry
Daniel D. Thomas
Alphonso A. Topp
Fay Van Arendonk
Richard S. Vogler
William E. Walters
Mary E. Weber
Dorothy L. Westbay
Marjorie O. White
Irma E. Williams
Paul L. Willman
Robert W. Winsten
Dorothy M. Woods
Elizabeth Ziegner



A Wedding



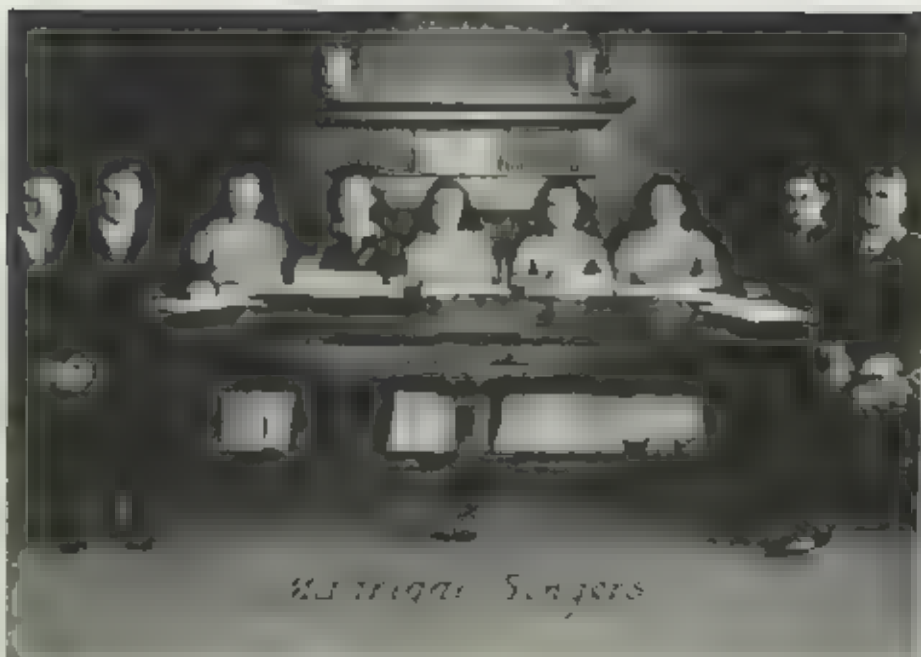
Drums of Ouda



*"The
Londonderry
Air"*



The Arsenal Cannon



Glee Singers



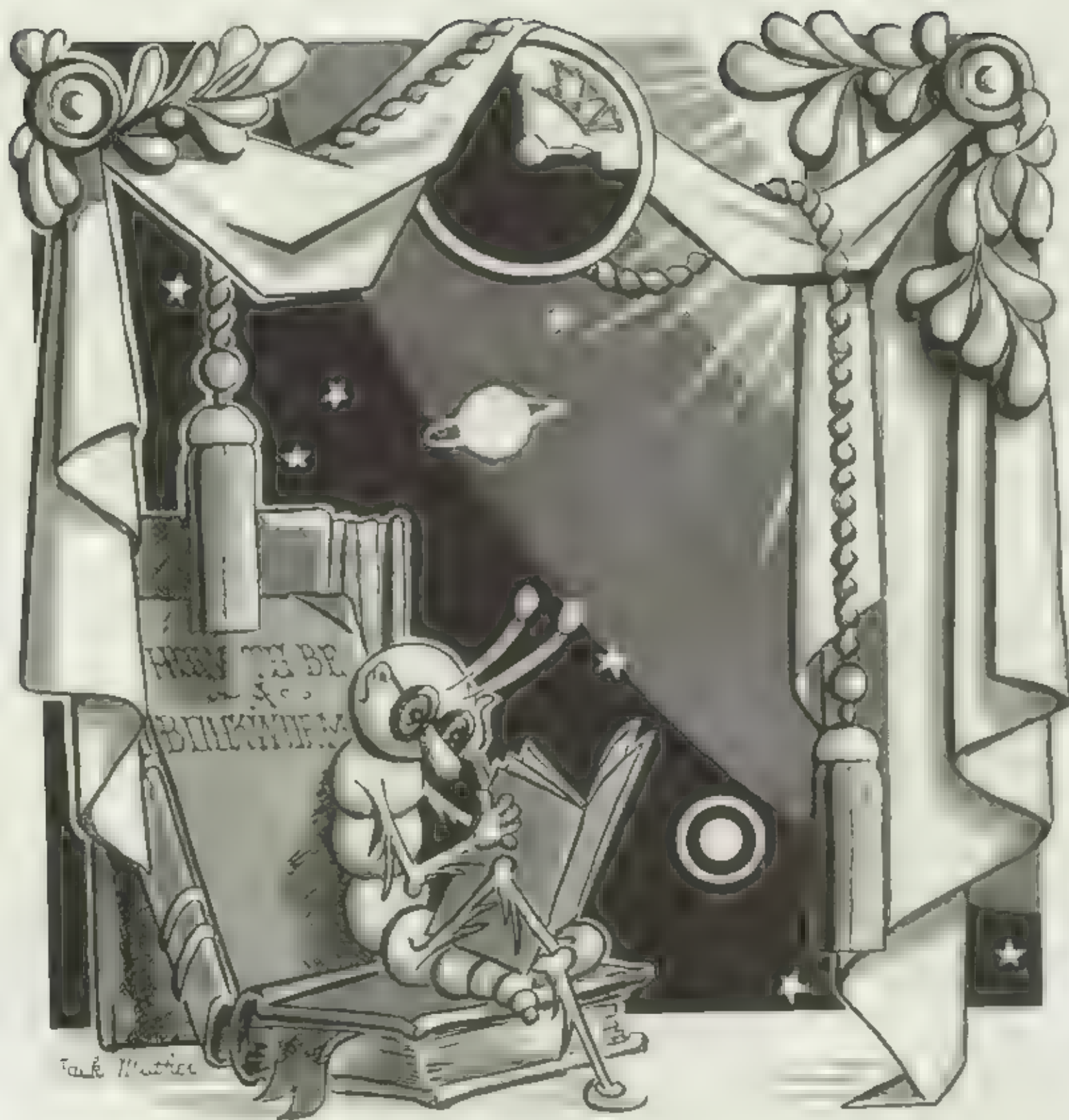
Boys' Quartette



*Robert Pearson
with his Carnegie Medal*



String Ensemble



Literature

Unsung Heroes

BASED ON A TRUE STORY HEARD OVER THE RADIO

A moment of fumbling—then a strong hand grasped the key of the small radio transmitter in the rear of Bill Halstead's Repair Shop. The hand belonged to James Elkins, Bill's student, who was learning "the noble art of the dots and dashes." Jim's ambition to become a radio "Ham" had existed from the day, two weeks before, when, in a moment of weakness, Bill had suggested radio as a hobby. Yet Bill did not regret volunteering to become Jim's instructor, for never had he been privileged to have a more able student.

In these two short weeks, Jim had mastered the code and was well on his way to sending and receiving efficiently. Jim came of prosperous parents; therefore, with the help of Bill, he was soon building his own transmitter. Every day saw Jim hard at work on the rougher parts of the set, while Bill adjusted the fine points. At last the set was built, the license obtained, and another career as a "Ham" was begun.

Jim's first act as a licensed amateur was to call his pal, Bill, who lived only four blocks away. He experienced a thrill in the thought that he was one of the great league of invisible comrades.

At the end of three months, Jim had built up an acquaintance with more than one hundred amateurs. He had come to know them by their signals so that he could tell the different stations by merely hearing their calls.

Dawn broke one morning to find him tapping ceaselessly, trying to find someone with whom to talk. He called W8LLZ, Paul Williams of Hillsboro, a small village on the banks of the great Muskingum River. By chance he got a return to his swift call. After the usual radio chatter, they switched to voice so that they might hear one another talk. Jim noted a bit of anxiety in Paul's voice. When he inquired about it, Paul answered, "There may be nothing to it, but we have heard rumors that these recent rains have weakened the Molmouth Dam. At least, I am glad I laid in a new supply of batteries."

"If you get any news, let me know; but I wouldn't worry," Jim flashed back.

At that moment the voice of Jim's mother summoned him to breakfast; therefore, he was obliged to sign off to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes.

Back at his receiver he heard a frantic signal. Realizing it was his call letters and recognizing the peculiar sending of W8LLZ, he answered swiftly and, without the usual preliminary recognition, Paul broke in excitedly. "The dam's broken! Water is rising! I'm on the second floor, so I am safe. Try to contact Pittsburgh Red Cross. I'll sign off now. Please stay at your transmitter."

With mingled feelings Jim turned to the task of contacting the Red Cross. To think that he, Jim Elkins, a licensed "Ham" of only three months, was chosen by Paul out of all acquaintances to act as intermediary between the flood zone and the outside world. Paul Williams—alone—on the second floor of a flooded house!

He was awakened from his reverie by a return call from Paul. Paul's words fell like a thunder clap. "The power lines are down, so you and I are the only means of communication. Here is a list of supplies we need." Having made note of the needs, Jim contacted Bill Halstead to have him stand double shift with him.

Skilfully he cleared the air lanes and established two-way communication with both the Red Cross and Paul. At a moment's notice the forces of relief had been marshalled by these unsung heroes to rush aid to the sufferers in the flooded district.

For twelve hours, Jim was at his key, constantly sending or receiving latest reports. His small room had become headquarters for news reporters who wished latest flood bulletins. "The flood is rising! The water is coming under the door!" This in response to Jim's anxious inquiry for Paul's present position.

Forty-eight hours later the flood had reached its crest. Paul was in water to his knees. As for Jim, he had been at the key steadily for eighteen hours. Through their efforts very few lives were being lost, and the suffering of the refugees was greatly reduced.

The flood was over. The crest had dropped, and already many people had moved back to their homes. Jim Elkins, tired and worn, called Paul Williams for the last time that day. "Say, Paul," flashed Jim, "why don't you visit me? I think it would be swell!"

"I'm sorry," Paul answered, "I could never visit you. I am paralyzed from the waist down."

"Maybe it's just as well," replied Jim. "I could never see you. I've been blind all my life."

JOE McGUIRE

Free Wheeling

In the hunger of night for glowing day, in the yearning of parched soil for soothing rain, and in the craving of an aspen for the wind's pursuit, I found fragments of my longing for swift, smooth flight. I had no desire to satisfy this longing by lifting frail, silver wings against a deep blue sky or by urging a quivering needle to race from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour. I wanted to fit my body to a springy leather seat, to reach down with my legs till they touched two firm dark pedals, to grasp a shining black tipped bar in eager hands. How I longed to own, to ride, and to treasure a bicycle! Night after night in the quiet darkness of my room I saw maple-shaded streets, cinder-roughened paths, and clover-scented roads, and heard their clear insistent call—saw heard, and thrilled

Every worth-while possession deserves a sacrifice. By passing up rich foods in favor of simpler and less expensive dishes, by reading about school basketball games instead of attending them, and by making my best bib and tucker do, I accumulated twenty-one dollars. After a final recount of my treasury, I crammed the bills into a small coin purse. Thirty minutes later I strode into a downtown sporting goods store. A vigorous, white haired man advanced. "What can I do for you?" he inquired

"I'd like to see some bicycles," I replied.

"This way, please," the salesman invited. In the rear of the store stood a brilliant fleet. My guide's voice describing the different wheel's merits flowed on. The time taken by these word pictures offered me the chance to slip an inquiring finger under the price tags. I immediately decided that these steeds were too inexperienced, too unaccustomed to long stretches of pavement, too innocent in the ways of the world

"Do you have any second-hand bikes?" I ventured

"Yes, Bill will help you. Take the stars to the right," my companion retorted in a tone of not-too-well concealed disgust

I followed the steps which led down into a compact, modern workshop where a young man was bending over a bicycle skeleton. As I entered the room, Bill straightened up. "Hello," he greeted me. "Want to look at some wheels?" I nodded. Bill stepped into a storage room; I fol-

lowed. There between two boys' models my bike stood. Slender and streamlined in design, new in appearance, and serviceable in construction, this wheel would have pleased even the most exacting. Several minutes later I marched out of the door minus twenty bills, but far richer than I could have imagined in thoughts of the open road

I must have been born with an intense desire to peddle over shadow-darkened dust. Else why would the sight of spinning wheels compel me to don a sport jacket and seek new paths to conquer? A long, straight concrete strip lies unrolled before me. The steady rhythm of the pedals stirs my blood. I want to lap up the miles. I want to speed past dusty fence posts and not glance back. I would like to race a locomotive. Perhaps I might win. Faster! Faster! My gasping lungs and twinging leg muscles make the world a reality. A twist of the handle bar introduces me to a rough, winding country lane. Curious maple branches shake inquisitive fingers in my face. A capricious breeze rumples my hair and passes on to rock-white cherry blossom cradles. While tracing tire patterns in damp, black soil, I lose and find myself

DOROTHY PAUL

Marie

I looked in the mirror the other day
And back at me looked a face so gay
With eyes the color of blueberry pie
A mouth too rosy ever to sigh
But as I looked it dawned on me
Thus was not I
But my sister Marie—

EDNA JOSEPH

A Ghost

When nights are warm and moonlight glosses
Orderly rows of ferns and mosses
Gracing the slopes neath the huge white dome
With which man replaced his adobe home
As a coyote inspired by demons cries,
From paths of mist in the starry skies
The phantom Don Antonia flies
Astride his favorite stallion's back

And an old vaquero nods and says,
'Cursed is the Rancho Los Felezi'

BILLIE HOUGHTON

The Arsenal Cannon

Happy, The Postman

Deep down, sometimes almost forgotten, must surely lie a tender spot in every one's heart for the small town—the small town, with its "Main Street," its few buildings, the public square with the court house in the center, and last, but not least, the happy, good natured, contented people that populate the little frame houses, row upon row, on each small street.

In such towns, one can almost always find an outstanding individual who is loved by every one. Sometimes it is a kind old lady or the town's baker. Still other times it is a teacher, a child or an old man.

So it was in the town of Rossville, the most beloved person that perhaps ever walked its streets was the local postman. For years he had been in the post-office service and for years, ever since he had been in the service, the people of Rossville all loved him. No other town could boast of a better friend in need than could Rossville with its simple and human postman.

Arther Dale was this postman's real name. Yet since their earliest recollections, the people of Rossville had always called their beloved postman by the well fitted nickname of "Happy." No other title could have suited him better, for he was always spreading his own brand of happiness everywhere to men, women, children and even the dogs. There was no special reason why Happy should be so happy, for his life had not been as pleasant as it might have been. When his wife died, years before, she had left him with three small children—two girls and one boy. Soon after this, the two girls grew ill and they, later, were laid side by side with their mother on the little hill overlooking the town. For many years, the kind old postman and his son, Arther, lived happily together in their little white cottage on the outskirts of Rossville. Then one day as Happy and his son were walking home together, the boy spoke. "Father," he had said, and Happy could remember every word of it. "I want to make a place for myself in this world, so I am going to leave Rossville."

Happy had been shocked and hurt, his only son was going to leave him for the big city. Yet in his heart he knew that the boy should have a chance at life, so scraping together his last pennies, he sent the boy to New York, and later, lost track of him. Some day, thought Happy, he will return and together we shall see the world.

But he never had, and as the years continued to slip by, people thought he never would.

Of course the people of Rossville all loved Happy, and he loved them. Wherever he went, contentment and gayness followed. Children and dogs were his favorites. All along his route both would follow him—the children, knowing that somewhere hidden among the mysterious folds of the nice postman's sack were choice bits of candy, and the dogs, realizing that they would always find a meal waiting for them at the end of his route.

Like many small towns, the main recreation was the movie next door to the Rossville Meat Market. Every Saturday night, the residents of the town would take their families to the movie. Happy had been a few times, but he thought it much more fun to sit in his garden and watch the stars come out.

One day, as he was passing the theater, he noticed large gilt letters plastered in a huge sign over the doorway, which read, "Howard Taylor, the New Idol of Millions of American Women—In the Picture That Made Don Gable Famous—'All-American Lover' with Glenda Rogers." The words looked beautiful as they glittered in the bright morning sunlight, and Happy smiled one of his beloved smiles as he said to himself: "What won't they do to make people come to a movie! Yet there is something that fascinates one when he does go. I do believe I'll come to the picture Saturday." But he didn't.

It was that week that the people of Rossville noted the change in Happy. No longer would he allow the children to come for him in the mornings when he delivered the mail. But if his friends would meet him on the street, he would seem the same as ever. He talked about the weather, the new store, or the school. Yet they noticed a queer look come into his eyes the minute they mentioned his home or something connected with his house. It was a look of happiness, at first, then of sorrow, and finally, of dismay. "What possibly could be wrong with him?" they asked one another.

The children were disappointed when they found no candy for them in his sack, and when they asked him, he replied that he must have forgotten it in his hurry to be on time with the mail, and that, perhaps, he would remember to-morrow. But he didn't, nor the next day nor the next. The people of Rossville could not understand what possibly was wrong. Then, like a bolt of lightning a rumor sprang up! Several times someone had seen a strange man enter and leave Happy's house at night. It was whis-

pered that Happy was either trying to hide a man or shield him from the law. A criminal, perhaps! Soon the whole town was buzzing with excitement. Happy must be harboring a criminal.

Now, in the meantime, the kind old Happy had noticed the sudden change in the citizens of Rossville, and he was as much baffled at them as they were at him. "It surely isn't anything I've ever said to them that would make them feel offended, for they are my friends. Why should they shun me and be so frightened when I bring them the mail each day? They actually run away from me as if I were a thief. I wonder if it is because of him."

He stopped a minute and then continued, "No, they surely haven't seen him yet, for he has never ventured out of my house during the day. I wish I could tell them, but I promised him I wouldn't until he had a chance to write to his gang. He told me faithfully that it just wouldn't do to let the town know that he is here, or else they might go so far as to tear the very clothing off his back. How I wish this was all over! It is getting more dangerous and worse every day."

One day the post-office attendants were surprised and astonished to hear Happy proclaim in a clear voice as he entered the building, "Folks, I'm leaving the mail service today for good."

There was a general commotion through the crowd that had rather timidly collected in front of the post office. Even Clansey, the old policeman, was ready for an arrest if Happy tried to make a false move. It seemed impossible that Happy was leaving the mail service after thirty-two years of steady working. They couldn't believe it! They didn't know whether to be sorry or glad. Then, for one split second, everyone stood quiet. If Happy was leaving the mail service, it could mean only one thing. Happy was also going to leave town, not only that, but with a criminal too. The people of Rossville looked at one another, then back at Happy. Each of them had the same question in mind, but none of them dared to voice it. Then, through the crowd came the voice of Silas Marker, the storekeeper.

"Do ye mean that you're leaving the post office for good?" he asked in a threatening voice.

"Why, yes," answered Happy simply. "For some time I have wanted to tell you that—," he got no further, for again came the angry voice of Silas Marker.

"We all know why you are leaving. You needn't make up any excuse. We all know that you have been harboring a criminal from the

police in your home. We've known it all along but we can't going to stand for it. The jail is still a mighty good place for people like you and your friends."

The crowd all nodded in assent, watching and waiting anxiously for the reply that Happy would give to that. The bewildered Happy stood there for a second, his eyes searching the crowd for an understanding. Then the full meaning of it all dawned on him, and instead of begging for mercy, as some of the people thought he might, he began to laugh. At first it was kind of a chuckle, then a roar. The citizens of Rossville looked at one another in amazement. They couldn't understand what possibly could be funny at such a time. They looked at each other, then back at Happy. Happy looked at them all and laughed all the harder at their bewilderment.

"Oh, friends," he said, when he had caught his breath again, "you are all so wrong. So very wrong. If you had only let me explain, this never would have happened. You see, I really have had a mysterious guest at my cottage for some time. I have wanted to tell you, but I promised him I wouldn't 'til he could be prepared. You see, my mysterious guest was not a notorious criminal, but my son, come home again. This morning he boarded a train for Hollywood where I am to meet him later before we start to see the world. He has made a place for himself in the world, and you may be surprised when I tell you that my son didn't get on the train this morning as Arther Dale Jr., but as a person altogether new and different to Rossville, yet familiar too. My son is none other than Howard Taylor, the movie star."

"To-morrow I shall say good-bye to you. Arther was sorry he did not see you. And he told me to tell you that when he is no longer famous, then he and I both will come back to Rossville where we really belong and live the remainder of our lives. But please forgive me if I have been rude to you," he finished, looking down into the surprised faces of his old friends. "You see, being the father of a sought-after movie star is dangerous business."

Happy smiled down at the little children beside him—such innocent, sweet, simple children who still didn't understand what it was all about. Then, putting his hands down deep into his pockets, he said with almost a break in his voice for he really hated to leave his kind friends after so many years, "Now, you very little ones, what would you say if I should find some candy for you way down deep in my pockets?"

JOHN E. THOMAS

The Arden Cannon

Market Day

AS DESCRIBED TO VIOLET BY HER PARENTS

During the regime of the last Czar of Russia, the market day fell on Sunday. Every Sunday the peasants left their farms and work to go to the city. On this day, the business people set out their wares to sell to the invidious peasants. The peasant girls having sold their linens, butter, and eggs to the townspeople, went on a shopping tour. First, they went to the jewelry stands where they decorated themselves with cheap but colorful jewelry, and then they turned to the Ferris Wheel.

This Ferris Wheel was similar to the ones we know. It was made from rough hewn logs, with open seats. The wheel was set in motion by two men pulling on ropes. The wheel went faster and faster, and often the peasants found themselves hanging with their heads down. After a certain number of turns the wheel was stopped and ready for a new load of passengers, who were plentiful.

Of course, after a wild ride such as this, the people were quite ready for a cooling drink. This drink was made of sweetened ice water with a little strawberry or orange flavoring.

When mealtime came, the prosperous peasants dined in state in a restaurant. The poorer peasants bought some sugar and bread for their lunch. Setting their food on the top of a kerosene barrel in front of a store, they would proceed to dip their bread in the sugar and eat it.

Later in the day, everyone, young and old, rich and poor, gathered in the streets for dancing and singing. Thus ended a market day in Old Russia.

VIOLET GURVITZ

Shadows

They stole their way along the stair
These shadows who were creeping there
If I moved swiftly so did they
And when I tried some other way
They followed me where'er I went
As if upon some errand bent.
But when I reached the bottom step
The sunlight through the window met
And greeted me with friendly cheer
And made those shadows disappear.

MARGERY HASEBROCK

Brilliance

A startled brilliance in the nearby grass
Quiets to let me pass
And loath to miss that splendid thing,
I pause—a scintillating wing,
A scuttling tail of flame glided through the weeds
Scattering the ripened seeds
And through the thinning stems I see him there
A glory on the air.
A bright metallic sheen of colored light
Banding my sight—
Scarlet and purple, crimson, gold and blue
The tall grasses part to let him through
That crested knight, that luster-leathered king
And I am left, remembering
An unforgettable thing
My mind still stained with beauty, past and done,
As eyes hold light from looking at the sun.

MARY HAYNES

The Death Knell of Pan

(Reply to Sandburg's "Jazz Fantasia")

Swelling, seething, surging song of jazzy bands
Crawl back into your wretched wormy hole
Destroy not my peace and quietness,
Nor distort my lovely spiritual dreams.
You urk my soul, you filthy product
Of drunken, maddened, senseless structures
Of cells and molecules—you wretch—
You labyrinth of noises from the kitchen
When did man let you in? Yes, when?

Give me the divine music that flowed
From the harpsichord of Bach
The serenades of Hungary and Spain,
And the romances of Tristan and Carmen.
Play for me deathless sounds of the Ninth
Until I am as deaf as your master
Lull me on in romantic dreams
Dear progeny of Salzburg and Vienna,
Let me hear again strains from
The "Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute"
Oh Pan, thy name hath been scorned!

ALBERT JORDAN SMITH



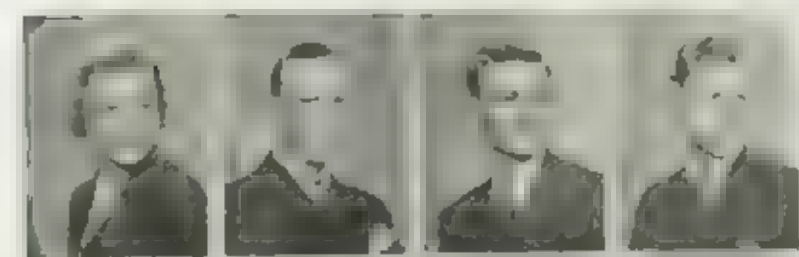
Activities



*Staff
One*



*Staff
Two*



*Executive and Business
Staff*



Advisory Board



Magazine Staff

Looking Forward

On its twenty-fifth anniversary the Arsenal Technical Schools bequeaths a great heritage to the boys and girls who will come within its portals seeking knowledge. Offering the richness of experience which it has accumulated during its first quarter century of growth, this great institution is now able to develop the talents of its student body more completely than the past has ever permitted.

With this educational heritage, every student who attends Tech becomes heir to its historical past. In 1865, when Abraham Lincoln decreed that seventy-six acres, then located one and one-half miles east of the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, should be used as an arsenal, he began the romantic history of the Tech grounds. From 1865 until 1902 soldiers were housed in these buildings. In April, 1903, the government abandoned the arsenal, and in 1912 the grounds were

first occupied by the Arsenal Technical Schools. Grounds and buildings originally used to store armaments are now used to train the youth of the nation to strive for higher and finer goals and to aid them in living broader and fuller lives.

The first eight faculty members, under the guidance of Milo H. Stuart, the first principal of Tech, laid the foundation for another heritage of Tech students—the Tech Spirit, that indefinable spirit of co-operation and friendliness which every Techite recognizes as an invaluable part of his school days. As it influences his school life, so it will influence his adult life.

Thus Tech offers to her future students, even as she has offered to boys and girls for the past twenty-five years, a broad high school education, an historical background of worthy traditions and service, and the Tech Spirit to aid them in living the best possible lives.

ALICE M. BOTTOMS

Meeting the Deadline



*Magazine and Page Editors
at Work*

The Arsenal Cannon



Bottom Row, left to right, Vernon Martin, Leroy Best, N. Joe Crawford, Howard Ford, Percy Kirt, Cotton Mandy, George Shaffer, Tommy Wilson, Wilson Crawford, George Lyday, Warren Harvey, Carl Bohn, Robert Delrymple.
Second Row, William Farmer, Frank Kottowski, David Fye, Russell Barnett, Robert Engelking, Cecil Kays, John De-
e Kenneth Christie, Walter Spiller, Richard Vogler, Ralph Moore, Robert Pullen, Richard Miller, William Garrett.
Top Row, Fred R. Goetz, E. Myers, Asst. Athletic Director, and Badger, Robertson, Paul Braden, Kenneth Watson, Coach
Athletic Director Fred R. Goetz, Matthew Russell, Peterman, James McCormick, Harry Adkins.

Track

Undersized in three last years and the annual city track and field meet, the Tech under squad coached by Mr. Paul E. Myers, had successfully started its season as the CANNON went to press.

Only five lettermen returned for further competition this spring, and the team was hard hit by the loss of veterans in the distance events but steady work overcame this handicap and the tracksters opened their schedule by swamping Warren Central, 109½ to 91½. Kokomo next fell before the Green and White stride, 72 to 63 then Wiley of Terre Haute met defeat, 69 to 54.

In the city meet the Green and White thinsies won their fourth consecutive title, turning back the four local rivals by piling up a total of 93 points. Shortridge, the runner-up, counted points.

Tennis

As the June breeze whistled, the current crop of tennis players had one matchless, because of inclement weather.

Coach Robert L. Ball planned to use the following men this season: Carl Bohn, Elmer Molique, Raymond Von Sprecklesen, and James Prater.

Golf

Three victories in its first four matches compared the record of Coach Bayne D. Freeman's team as the CANNON went to press.

The Green and White linksmen defeated Batesville in their opening duel, 9½ to 2½, and again in a return match, 10 to 2; overcame Cathedral, 6½ to 5½, but fell before Shortridge for their lone defeat.

Members of the team were Arthur Wettle, Bayne Montfort, Robert Laffey, Eugene Cox and Charles Frank.

Girls' Play Day

The Girls' Play Day, an annual event, was a feature of the Supreme Day celebration May first. Outstanding athletic abilities were shown among the girls in the events and relay. Blue, red, and white ribbons were given to girls standing in first, second, and third places, respectively.

Following the event a picnic was given to the girls and their families. A special exhibition of stunts and games given by girls in the athletic games. Stunts and games were additional attractions.



Front Row left to right: [illegible] forward and guard; Millard Dobbs, forward; Marvin Hook, forward, Kenneth [illegible] guard
Back Row left to right: [illegible] D. Freeman, John Higginbotham, guard; William Stone [illegible]

Basketball • Varsity

The basketball team under the direction of Coach [illegible] had a successful season. In the first contest, they defeated [illegible] when Frankfort started the Green and White squad in the third contest. The boys did not seem to get going until the last quarter, when they went through with a big score.

Carl Bohn, forward, Jack Richards, center, and Louis Held, guard, made the all-sectional team; Bohn, the 5 foot 7 inch star, led Sectional scorers by amassing a total of 41 points.

Ray Holland was the only member of the Green quintet to be selected as an all-regional player.

Scores for the season were: Tech 25, Kokomo 16, Tech 34, New Castle 22, Tech 21, Richmond 31, Tech 25, Shortridge 15; Tech 23, Rushville 28; Tech 27, Logansport 41; (City Tournament) Tech 20, Shortridge 24; (Sectionals) Tech 49, Warren Central 15; Tech 31, Broad Ripple 11; Tech 27, Decatur Central 24; Tech 38, Ben Davis 13; (Regionals) Tech 24, Plainfield 33.

Reserves

Coached by Mr. Kennel, the reserve squad had a successful season, winning several games.

Members of the squad who won acorn awards are as follows: Marvin Hook, Herbert Aender, Jim Evans, Forrest Risley, Richard [illegible], Robert E. Stone, Stanley Taylor, James Tolin, and Raymond Von Spreckelson.

Teams registered on the season's card and who were defeated by the Green and White aggregation are New Castle, 20 to 19, Columbus, 36 to 30, and Franklin, 27 to 26. Those squads trouncing the Tech reserves are Frankfort, 26 to 18, Richmond, 36 to 15, Shortridge 14 to 11, Rushville, 13 to 9, Jefferson of Lafayette, 33 to 28, Connersville, 32 to 25, Muncie, 28 to 20, Marion, 28 to 18, Cathedral, 26 to 25, Shelbyville, 22 to 15, and Anderson 27 to 23.

Freshman

Tech's freshman basketball squad, under the able direction of Coach W. E. Rhodes, enjoyed

(Continued on next page)



At the top of the page is a large group photograph of the ROTC unit. Below the photo, there is a caption that reads: "The ROTC unit, consisting of approximately seven hundred fifty boys, is under the direction of Staff Sergeant Chester A. Pruett and Sergeant Harry E. Smith. The unit is shown here in a group photograph on the athletic field." The text is somewhat faded and difficult to read in some places.

R.O.T.C.

The ROTC unit, consisting of approximately seven hundred fifty boys, is under the direction of Staff Sergeant Chester A. Pruett and Sergeant Harry E. Smith. The unit is shown here in a group photograph on the athletic field.

The military band, under the direction of Mr. Raymond W. Oster, turned out eighty-five strong to do its bit toward making the inspection a success.

The ROTC unit of approximately seven hundred fifty boys is under the direction of Staff Sergeant Chester A. Pruett and Sergeant Harry E. Smith. Sergeant Smith came to Tech last semester after serving for many years with Uncle Sam's military forces in the Orient. The instructors and the nine companies worked together for an unbroken string of inspections in the spring inspections.

Basketball

The basketball team, under the direction of Coach [Name], has been successful in its games. The team has won several games and is looking forward to a successful season.

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The team's record was as follows: Tech 25, Warren Central 20, Broad Ripple 19, Tech 15, Shortridge 13, Tech 32, Manual 10, Tech 25, Washington 24, Tech 23, Cathedral 7, Tech 11, Broad Ripple 9, Tech 20, Shortridge 16, Manual 10, Tech 9, Tech 23, Washington 10, Tech 14, Cathedral 12.

The Arsenal Cannon



Smoking



Millinery Shop



Modeling in Clay



Silas Marner's house



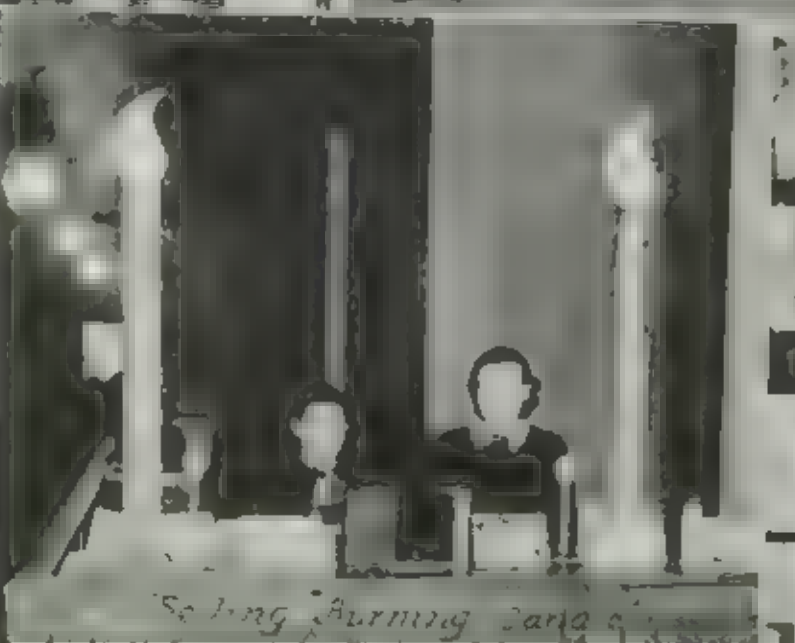
Decorative



Seaside



Co. A. 1911



Selling Burning Sarsaparilla



Student Cartoonist



Cannon Subscription Winners
R-137



Teeth



An assembly



In the library



Street Traffic Guards



Student Center Messengers

Chas

The Arsenal Cannon



A Senior's Diary

Dear Diary:

September 7—Up early this morning; back to school.

September 12—I voted today; I know I'm not twenty-one, but it was for senior officers.

September 26—The senior officers were installed today.

October 14—I became a Tech Legionnaire—most impressive assembly program.

October 21—Today I attended the scholarship meeting in the Student Center.

October 22-23—Sleep and more sleep; for students, vacation! State Teachers' Association!

November 14—Guest at Butler University for the Butler-Western State game.

November 16—Attended the fall Cannon Ball.

November 20—Attended the L-Z division of senior play, "Rollo's Wild Oat."

November 21—Nursed sore sides from laughter of the night before.

November 30—Senior colors chosen—blue, green, and white.

December 3—Voted for senior photographer.

December 4—Attended senior reception and drank tea.

December 8—Senior Convocation—Dr. Y. G. Chen spoke.

December 12—Class pins and rings put on display today.

January 8—Dolled up and went to the Senior Winter Party.

January 22—Semester ended.

January 27—Beginning of my last semester in Tech.

April 16—Attended the A-K division senior plays, "Londonderry Air," "Drums of Oude," and "A Wedding."

April 20—Spring Cannon dance—floor show and punch!!

May 7—Attended the spring senior class party.

May 14—Saw many of my friends in the "Sketchbook."

May 21—Helped celebrate Tech Supreme Day which is the twenty-second. Attended our last senior convocation.

May 22—Attended my first alumni association affair. Certainly enjoyed the dance.

May 27—June Magazine out. It's fun to see my picture among the graduates. Somehow it's hard to realize I'm really graduating.

May 28—Today was Senior Day on the campus. Honor Day—and I received my long-hoped-for college scholarship.

May 30—Attended the beautiful Vesper Service this afternoon. Tried to choke down the lump in my throat.

May 31—Vacation. Heard the races broadcast.

June 1—Tonight I was graduated.



CANNON HIGH-HATTERS

RUSSELL EDWARD PRAZL
LATIN III

Maryann Hayes
Jude Barber

Thelma Powderly

